

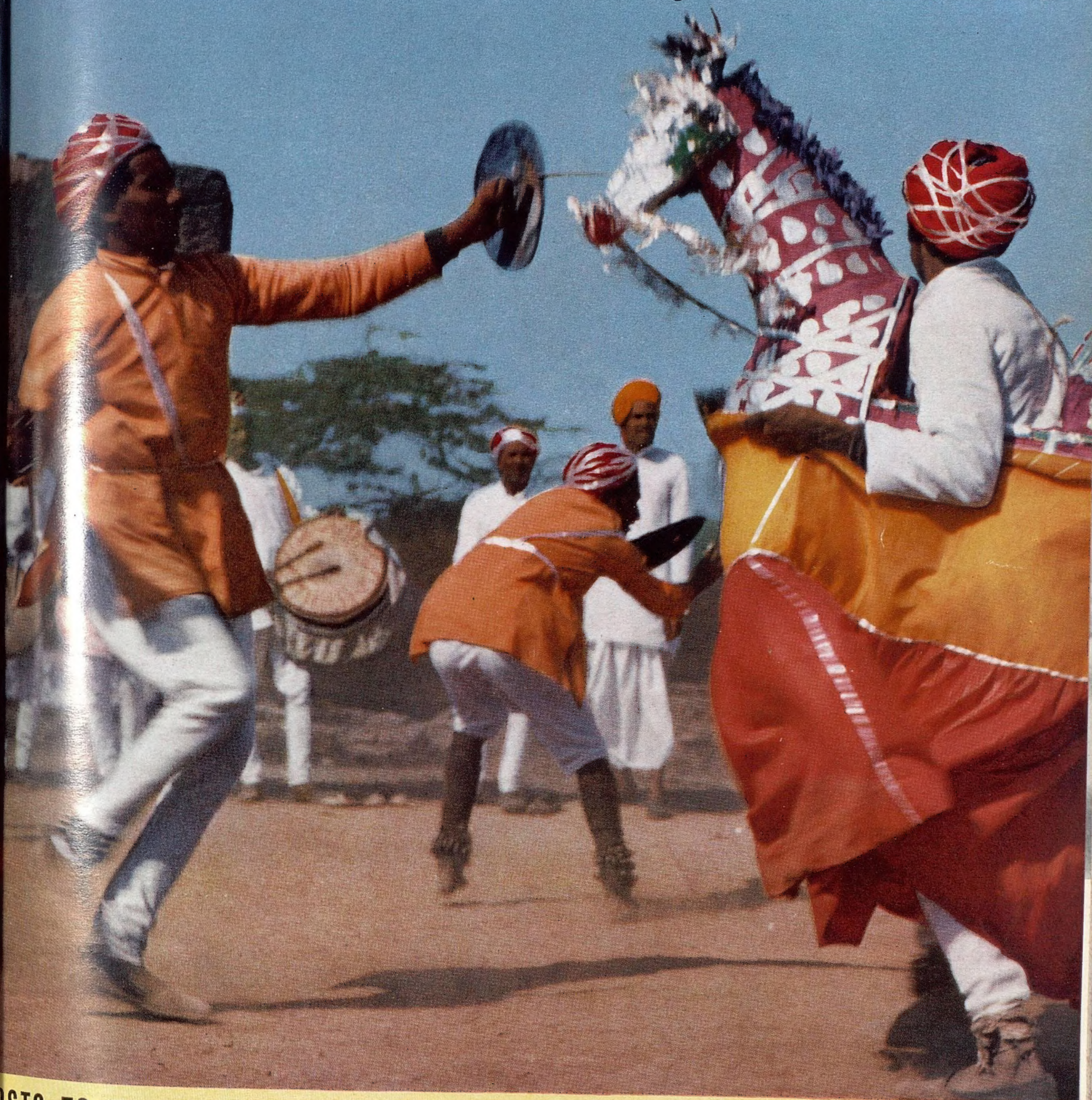


THE

Tatler

TRAVEL NUMBER

& Bystander 2s. weekly 25 Jan. 1961



HOSTS TO THE QUEEN EUROPE'S FESTIVALS A SHARP LOOK AT LUGGAGE



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Photograph taken in the Almond Blossom Suite of the 'Windsor Castle'

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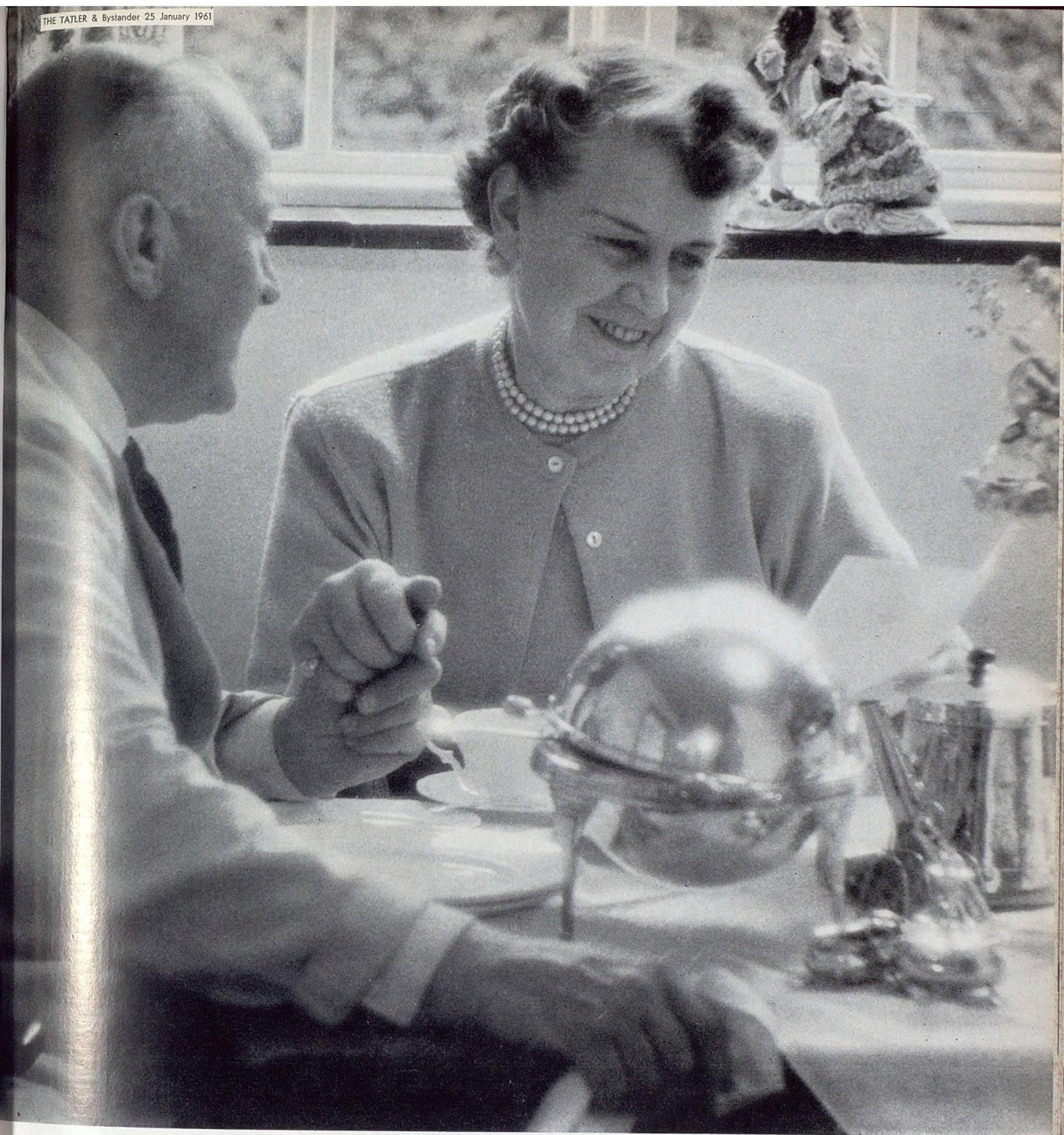
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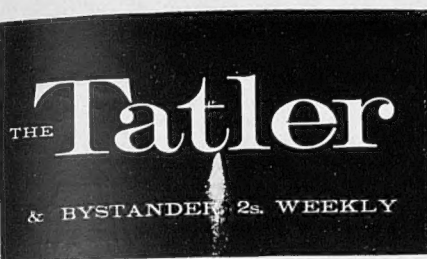
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Travel number

25 JANUARY 1961

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LADY WITH A PASSPORT



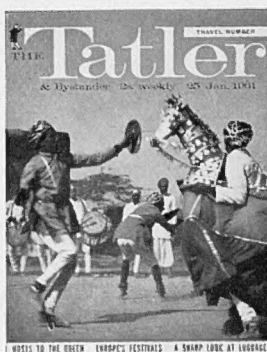
DOONE BEAL, who writes The Tatler's weekly travel column, says she is always nervous when she meets a reader. She finds that the introduction is so often received with incredulity. A man she met recently thought from the much-travelled sound of her writing that she must be in her early sixties. As he was able to observe, and as her photograph shows, she is nothing of the sort. The much-travelled sound is accurate, but

she is young enough to have done all her travelling since the war. A trip to Paris during austerity in England first gave her the taste. Doone Beal's married name is Lady Marley, and her husband Lord Marley is a production manager in films. Accompanying him on location she widened her travel experience, then took to travelling for The Tatler. She adores hotels (good ones), loves the suitcase life, and is always ready to hop on a plane (four engines) for anywhere. This week, for the Travel Number, she contributes an enlarged version of *Going Places Abroad*, a calendar of holiday ideas (page 143). . . .

Further travel notions: Spike Hughes surveys the enormous field of *Europe's festivals* (musical ones, that is), which make an ideal excuse for a holiday (page 158), and *Travel tale from the South China Sea* presents travel clothes in one of the most glamorous of far-flung settings, Hongkong (page 166) . . . Counter Spy has some comments on the big improvements in luggage (page 163).

As the Queen is now on her Indian visit this issue also contains two Indian features: *Hosts to the Queen* (page 147) which shows the home of the Maharaja of Jaipur with whom the Queen has been staying, and *Emancipation comes to the Indian woman* (page 150), a surprising report by Cecilie Leslie on the biggest social change in India since independence . . .

The cover:



Animated Rajasthani folk dance, photographed by R. DHAMIJA, reminds that the hobby horse of English folk dancing came from the East and that Morris dancing is a corruption of Moorish dancing. Rajasthan is where the Queen and Prince Philip have been staying in India. The capital is Jaipur, for more about which, turn to page 147

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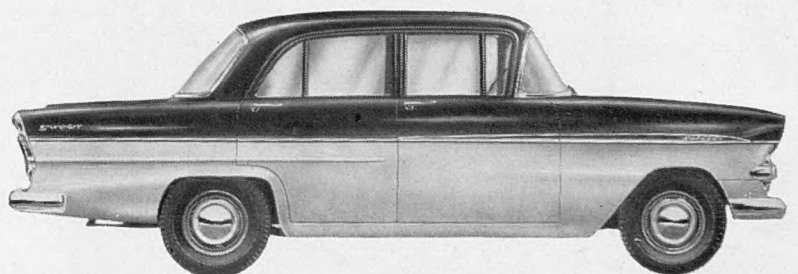
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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

In Switzerland

Ladies Curling Tournament, today, St. Moritz.

British Army Ski Championships (Downhill/Slalom), today, St. Moritz.

British Inter-Services Cresta Championships, 27/28 January, St. Moritz.
Hennessy Bowl Curling, 28/29 January, Davos.

International Horse Racing on Snow (Grand Prix on 2nd day), 29 January/5 February, St. Moritz.

Bob Ball, 4 February, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz.

At home

Australia Club Dinner, tomorrow, at the Dorchester.

Hunt Balls on 27 January: the Hampshire, at the Guildhall, Winchester; V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's), at Bingham Hall, Cirencester; on 28 January: the Fernie, at Deene Park, Northamptonshire (by permission of Mr. & Mrs. G. Brudenell).

SPORT

Race meetings: Wincanton, 26; Kempton Park, 27, 28; Warwick, Wetherby, 28; Nottingham 30, 31 January; Haydock Park, Windsor, 1, 2 February.

Salmon fishing begins, 31 January.

Pheasant & partridge shooting end, 1 February.

Ladies' lacrosse: South v. East,

Chiswick, today; North v. East, Wirral, 28 January; West v. Midlands, Fareham, 30 January; Midlands v. South, High Wycombe, 4 February.

Rugby: Ulster v. South Africa, Ravenhill, Belfast, 28 January; Barbarians v. South Africa, Cardiff, 4 February.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Cavalleria Rusticana* & *Pagliacci*, 7 p.m., 26 January. *La Bohème*, 28 January; Gluck's *Orpheus*, 30 January, 1 February; Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (first London perf.), 2 February. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066).

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Solitaire*, *La Fête Etrange*, *Don Quixote* (pas de deux), *Façade*, 7.30 p.m., 27 January; *Les Sylphides*, *The Invitation*, *Don Quixote*, *Façade*, 7.30 p.m. 31 January; *Pineapple Poll*, *Les Sylphides*, *Sweeney Todd*, 2.15 p.m. & 7.30 p.m., 4 February. **Sadler's Wells Opera**. R. Strauss's *Ariadne In Naxos*, tonight, 31 January, 2, 4 February; *Die Fledermaus*, 26, 28 January, 3 February; *Barber Of Seville*, 27 January, 1 February. All 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall: *The Childhood Of Christ* (Berlioz), B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, 8 p.m.

tonight; John Betjeman reads from his own works, 7.45 p.m., 26 January; Ernest Read Concert for Children, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, narrator Richard Attenborough, 2 p.m., Burns Night Concert, 7.30 p.m., 28 January; Fou Ts'ong piano recital, 3 p.m., Viennese music by the Hallé Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 29 January. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Albert Hall. David & Igor Oistrakh, violinists (first joint appearance outside U.S.S.R.), with London Philharmonic Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 26 January. (KEN 8212.)

ART

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition—"The Age of Charles II," Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 26 February.

The Treasures of Trinity Exhibition, with the Book of Kells, at the Royal Academy, to 5 March, in aid of Trinity College, Dublin, Library Extension Fund.

Zadkine, at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, to 12 February.

Landscape for Living, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1, to 4 February.

Pierre Jacquemon (recent paintings), Temple Gallery, 3 Harriet Street, S.W.1, to 11 February.

EXHIBITIONS

Furniture Show, Earls Court, 1-11 February.

Amusement Trades Exhibition, R.H.S. New Hall, Westminster, 31 January-2 February.

Cook & Serve Exhibition, by Poole Pottery. Tea Centre, Lower Regent St., to 28 January.

Exhibition of Text-Book Design, National Book League, 7 Albermarle St., 1-28 February.

LECTURES

Royal Society of Arts, John Adam St., Adelphi, W.C.2. *Architecture in Transport*, by F. F. C. Curtis, architect to the British Transport Commission, 6 p.m. tonight; *Wall Paper & Its History*, by E. A.

Entwisle, a director of Wall Paper Mfrs., 2.30 p.m. 1 February.

AUCTION SALES

Sotheby's. Old Master paintings & drawings today; Jewels, including a diamond rivière, 26 January; English glass, &c., including a fine collection of English drinking glasses, 27 January; British & American sporting books from the library of the late Harry T. Peters, of New York City, 30 January; Chinese ceramics, jades & works of art, 31 January; 18th-century & modern paintings & drawings, 1 February. All 11 a.m. (HYD 6545.)

FIRST NIGHTS

Royalty Theatre. *Masterpiece*, 26 January.

Coliseum, Tokyo, 1961, 28 January.

Saville Theatre. *Magic Lantern*, 6 February.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 174.

Ross. "... this fine play ... Mr. Rattigan's sense of theatre works unfailingly ... magnificent teamwork." Alec Guinness (Michael Bryant from 28 January), Brewster Mason, Anthony Nicholls, Mark Dignam. (Theatre Royal, Haymarket, WHI 9832.)

Flower Drum Song. "... the song and tunes, with one or two exceptions, undistinguished ... flatly drawn, formal characters." Yau Shan-tung, Yama Saki, Kevin Scott. (Palace Theatre, Gra 6834.)

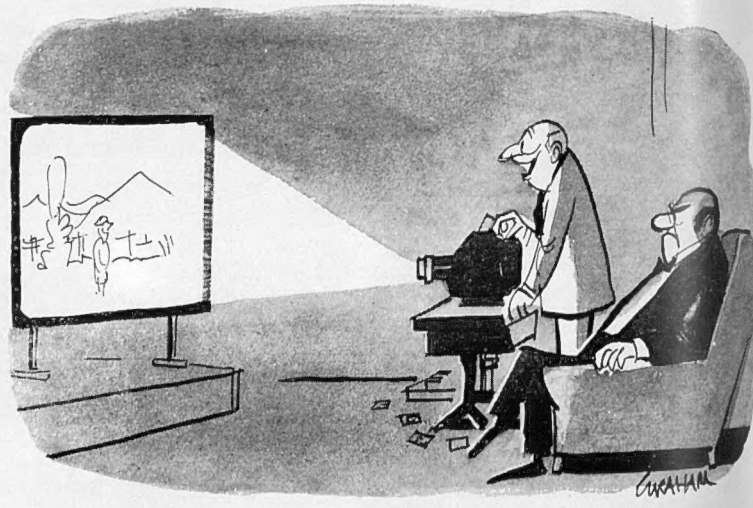
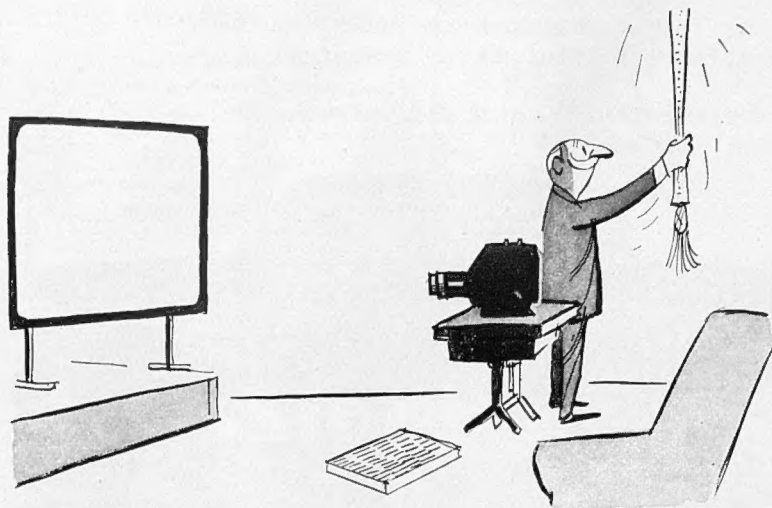
CINEMA

From reviews by Eispeth Grant. For this week's see page 175.

G.R. = General release

The Singer Not The Song. "... conflict between a courageous priest and an utterly ruthless bandit in a small Mexican town ... the outcome seemed to me highly controversial—still, what's wrong with that?" John Mills, Dirk Bogarde, Mylene Demongeot. (Odeon, Leicester Square, WHI 6111.)

BRIGGS by Graham



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GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland

The charmed circle

CLUB BUSINESS IN MAYFAIR'S SQUARE mile could certainly never be described as a gilt-edged investment because customers are so fickle in their affections that a rendezvous which is all the rage one day can quickly find itself cold-shouldered on the next. One notable exception to this generality seems to be the Steering Wheel Club in Brick Street off Park Lane. The club, as its name implies, has a clientele drawn from people interested in or professionally connected with motor cars in general and motor racing in particular. Started soon after the war by motor racing enthusiast John Morgan, the Steering Wheel has a membership that any club owner might envy. Not only are

all the big names in motor racing on the books but they use the club regularly. World champion Jack Brabham, Stirling Moss, or the daddy of them all, maestro Juan Fangio, are to be seen there most days when they are in London and the sort of chap who doesn't know the difference between a gasket and a slow running jet is apt to feel a bit out of things. It is not, however, only a community interest that accounts for the club's success. Vital factor is attractive club secretary Peggy Sandberg who must surely be one of the best known names in racing circles and who manages to convey the impression that the club's smooth efficiency owes nothing to her prompting.

Membership of the Steering Wheel is two guineas, with a guinea entrance fee. The bar, presided over by Frank, who has been with the club for 11 years, serves drinks at lower-than-usual West End club prices, and the restaurant provides an 8s. 6d. *table d'hôte* luncheon that is as good value as anything available within a few miles of Piccadilly Circus. The wine-list is not elaborate, but at prices between 8s. 6d. for the club carafe red wine to 37s. 6d. for champagne, members can have little to complain about.

Around the corner from the Steering Wheel, in Park Lane itself, I dropped in the other night to help Richard Leggott celebrate his New Yorker club's 21st anniversary. The club has gone through many vicissitudes, and old members visiting the place again will notice striking changes since Curzon Street florist Leggott took over personal management. Features of the club's restaurant managed by Austrian gastronome Jozsi are delicacies like *Geschenetzelles Kalbfleisch mit Schammerln weiss wein Flambiert* (veal in wine sauce, to you), at 8s. 6d.

This is served by elegant-looking gentlemen in lederhosen and versatile Jozsi is quite likely to burst into song in the middle of supervising your meal. Like the Steering Wheel, the New Yorker has a rather specialized membership,

CHRISTIAN FAIRFAX



KNOW YOUR BARMAN—2. The Embassy Club: *Monty Gates* (centre) has worked here for eight years, and has been head barman for six months. In rush periods one can see how he won the title of *World Champion Whiskey Pourer* in New York in 1959. He dispenses, his four assistants serve

which has grown up by accident rather than design. It provides a home from home for West End public relations executives who use it as an off-beat club to relax in away from the big expense-account restaurants. Membership is £2 2s., and there is no entrance fee.

GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

Red plush in Regent Street

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Café Royal grillroom, 68 Regent Street (WIM 2373). One of London's few remaining pieces of Edwardian splendour, gilt, cherubs, mirrors, red plush banquettes and all. The food and service match the décor, attaining the standards of quality our fathers and grandfathers expected. Like the rest of the Café Royal, it has a noble list of wines, for Mr. Charles Forte maintains the standard of its famous cellars. Last time I was there we drank a Calvet 1953 Pommard that was excellent value for money. W.B.

Pereras Singapore Restaurant, Allen Street (just off Kensington High Street). WES 5854. Open every day

except Mondays. Booking essential on Sundays when there is a special menu including *Satay*, which cannot be prepared for less than a party of four. Plain polished floor, wooden chairs and plastic tablecloths, but good Malayan cooking that isn't a crib from Indian, Indonesian or Chinese. It has a character of its own. Half portions of most dishes are served, and a satisfying meal costs about 10s.

The Braganza, 56/57 Frith Street. (GER 5412.) C.S. Bernard Walsh is a creator of first-class restaurants, and this, his latest London acquisition, is a mirror to his craftsmanship. He has wisely put his daughter Carol in charge, inheritor of her father and mother's charm. The

Wheeler group standard is maintained, and there are 19 sole dishes and 11 lobster. The wine list, like the food, is of high quality, the service excellent. Discerning visitors from Europe have discovered it already. You can eat well for a little over £1. W.B.

Wolfe's, 11 Abingdon Road (100 yards off Kensington High Street). WES 6868. C.S. London is unique in having small, comfortable, and quite elegant restaurants which, unlike those in Paris, are not fantastically expensive. This is one of them, for a well-cooked, well-served meal, without wine, should not cost more than 20s. per head. Only the cheeses are on the dear side. They send out for wine. Coffee well above the average. W.B.

The Falstaff, 70 Fleet Street. (FLE 1252.) The triumph last year of British chefs at the International Cookery Exhibition at Frankfurt reminds us that our dishes, well cooked, can challenge the world. The Falstaff, a public house, concentrates on British food and well-kept beer, with swift and pleasant service. Prices are reasonable, hunger can be satisfied for 10s. or less. A popular meeting-place for journalists and lawyers. Special praise for the steak & kidney pies and omelettes. Coffee good.

The Normandie, Knightsbridge. (KEN 5317.) The large number of regular customers who are known

to appreciate good food and wine is an indication of this restaurant's quality. A pleasant and spacious room, with no crowding of tables, it has a large menu and quite a long list of specialities, including sweets. In view of the increased price the smoked salmon course seemed to me to be somewhat lacking in generosity. W.B.

HOLIDAY IN HOLLAND

For gourmets planning a spring holiday, I would like to say a word for Holland. In May the bulbs are at their best, the hotels and food good. The Hague makes a delightful centre for seeing the country, and has plenty of hotels, restaurants and comfortable night clubs. One restaurant not to be missed there is the Menankabaw, with its outstanding Indonesian cooking and atmosphere. The Treslong, at Hillegom, in the heart of the bulb country, is good too, especially for fish. For those who like watching ships the Delta Hotel at Vlaardingen, between the Hook and Rotterdam, is the place to stop. Modern, comfortable and first-class cooking. Holland has several motels, and there is a good one outside Amsterdam. In the summer the Hotel De Baak at Noordwijk-on-Sea is a name to remember. One of the most modern in Holland, it is right on the sea and provides comfort at 30s. per day bed and breakfast.



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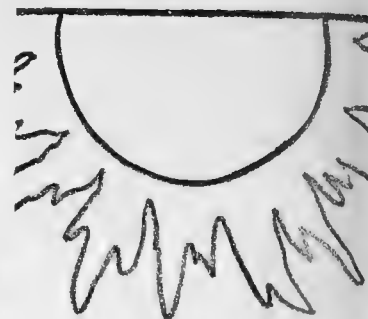
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IRELAND: Moorland in Connemara

A holiday calendar

"Where shall we go?" is the wrong question to start with. The first point to settle is "When shall we go?" For circumstances alter places. This guide set out to select on the basis of when's best for where. True, many of the places of list have a far longer season than the months in which they are indicated; for example, most of Greece, and Majorca; Estoril, Monte Carlo, and Beirut. These are perennials. So are most capital cities. In June, there is practically nowhere that isn't at its best. But there is some art in picking a place, so to speak, on the edge of the season—either when the good weather has started but the crowds have not caught up with it; or at the end while the sunshine lingers but the masses have left. It is a common saying that one "cannot have it all ways." This is for the benefit of those who mean to try.

GREECE: The Tholos at Marmaria, Delphi



January

Barbados is rapidly getting the edge on Jamaica, but is not yet quite in the Jamaican price bracket. It has a high degree of civilization in its beach life, plenty of shops and night clubs. Yet, if you explore the harbour city of Bridgetown and some of the outlying villages, you'll find enough West Indian life and lore to convince you that you are not yet in a millionaires' holiday camp. Try the Miramar, on the beach at St. James', which is perhaps the most luxurious; or Easty House, at St. Peter, where the cuisine is Austrian.

February

Cortina, the Italian winter sports resort in the Dolomites is as lively as any I know. The skiing is excellent (the Winter Olympics were held there in 1956) but whether or not you actually ski is unimportant, though if you do it's as well to bear in mind that January (not February) is the "low" winter season for most resorts, with an accompanying drop in prices. Either way leave as much of your shopping as possible until you get there. Its sports shops and boutiques are still a hazy image of temptation in my mind and considering the standard they are not expensive.

Majorca in February is a pale pink riot of almond blossom. Not all of the resort hotels are open, but the Formentor and the hotel at Bendinat, are, of course, everything in Palma, where February is very much the out-of-season season. The Victoria is the oldest and perhaps the most sympathetic hotel, but two good new ones are the Fenix and the Bahia Palace.

March

Rome: Those long-stemmed violets on the stalls at the foot of the Spanish Steps have the headiest scent of early spring I know, and the shops are spring-like too, with their renaissance of clothes and accessories. In Via Sistina just above the Steps, the Hotel de Ville is one of the nicest small hotels.

I found the weather unexpectedly good in **Jersey** in March (though I must add that it was considered no fluke by the natives). Rather than St. Helier, which has at this time of year the somewhat dispirited air of an abandoned seaside resort, make your base in Gorey instead. A line of pubs rings this prettiest of little ports. The Moorings, a comfortable small hotel, has food that draws the entire island; and only a mile away is the Royal Jersey Golf Club.

Finally, **Ireland:** and especially Connemara, whose beauty does draw crowds in summer. March is a lovely time to tour the Ring of Kerry, and you might make one base at the Butler's Arms, at Waterville, right on the apex of it.

April

Amsterdam: is just about the most inexpensive capital city in Europe to enjoy, and after Paris, one of the least expensive to reach. There are numerous little night bars where one can dance, and some excellent restaurants, notably Dyckers and Thys. It is a time to enjoy The Hague, and the delightful little market towns like Alkmaar, Gouda and Delft. Also for the brief but glorious season of the bulb fields, but you have to check quite near the time for the *moment critique* when they are at their best, because

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145



it varies from week to week each year.

In April, **Monte Carlo** is still *en fête* with the Grand Easter International Tournament, a regatta, and the opera, as well as its other attractions.

May

The beginning of the season for the **Greek Islands**. There are cruises around some of them from Athens, and also local steamers that go direct. One particularly interesting cruise is being operated by Millbank who have taken over the ex-Royal yacht of King Saud of Arabia (now renamed the ss. *Romantica*). All the cabins are outside, and air conditioned; it has a tiled swimming pool and there will be an orchestra for dancing. The cruises start in Venice, visiting Corfu, Patras, Piraeus, Myconos, Rhodes, Santorin, Naphlion, Hydra, Itea (for Delphi) and Dubrovnik. Venice back to Venice, the rates are from 79 gns., and departures are every other Sunday from the 16th April to 1st October.

If you travel by night tourist flight half-week, **Naples** costs only £3 more to reach than Rome at £36 6s. It's a delight in itself, Naples is the springboard not only for Capri and Ischia, but also the wonderful peninsula of Amalfi and Positano.

June

Sardinia is one of the simplest and least spoiled of all the Mediterranean islands probably because 9,000 square miles takes a lot of spoiling. However, June is good timing because its three good hotels do fill to capacity. They are the El Pharo and the Pini, just north of Alghero, and the Is Morus, some thirty miles' drive from Cagliari. But a network of small new hotels operated either by Jolly or by the State Tourist Department ensure for the most part, a bed for people who want to tour the island by car. Equally, La Maddalena, in the middle of a small archipelago just off the north coast, is wonderful for even simpler living, and a base from which to tour the little islands by boat. BEA fly direct to Sardinia for £55 return, late June, £45 17s. I offer Sardinia as my single suggestion for June though it's the perfect month to go almost anywhere.

July

When the northern capitals come into their own, those in the south are beginning to wilt. The outdoor

ROME: Spring flowers on the Spanish Steps (opposite)

life that goes on in **Copenhagen** and **Stockholm** speaks for itself: the Scandinavians all but sleep outdoors in this weather of hot dry sunshine and long days. Stockholm might just have the edge, in that it is built on a series of islands, and has waters to keep it cool and free from dust. It is compact in the middle and quick to get out of.

Only fifteen minutes' walk from the city centre, one can lunch or dine at Stallmestergården overlooking a lake and surrounded by trees.

Early July is a good time too for the **Swiss and Italian Lakes**, especially if you are motoring; for Lucerne and Lugano and Como and, just away from the main group, Lake Garda. A useful short cut for the whole area is to ship your car by train to Milan, and start from there.

The Black Forest, too, is glorious in July, and I hear also excellent reports of the Rhine cruises from Rotterdam to Basle.

August

This is the month when you've got to brave crowds everywhere. I'd brave them for the sake of the music in **Salzburg**, whose Festival continues until the end of the month. Don't delay your booking.

Since August is essentially a family holiday time, I'd be inclined to go somewhere equipped for it.



HOLLAND: Boats on a Delft canal

Rimini and the satellite resorts of **Riccione** and **Cattolica** stretch for some twenty miles of wonderful Adriatic beaches. It is one of the least expensive parts of Italy for both shops and hotels, and, with some two hundred of the latter, it can take the crowds. Its *vis à vis* on the Mediterranean coast is **Viareggio**, which is slightly more expensive but it, too, has marvelously firm sandy beaches and safe bathing, plus a tempting proximity to Pisa and Florence.

September

Malta remains dry and golden long after the height of summer heat has passed. It is compact and easy to explore (never more than half an hour's journey from one end of

the island to the other), and has a trio of magnificent bays on the north-east coast; Military Bay, Ghan Tuffeija and Gnejja. Explore the silent narrow streets of Mdina, the original capital, high on a ridge overlooking the rest of the island; or you might see some of the coast by boat. And do take the ferry over to the enchanting little island of **Gozo**, still living at the pace of the donkeys who amble through its lanes and the women making lace in open doorways.

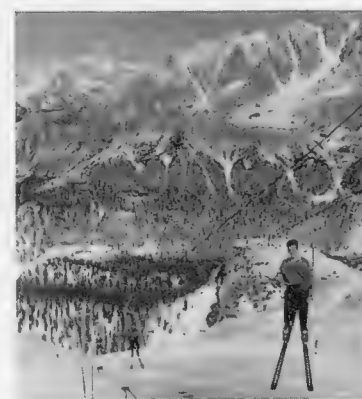
Towards the end of the month, the crowds have mostly left **Dubrovnik** (though, as along the rest of the Dalmatian coast, the weather remains magnificent).

October

If I could really take my pick, I'd spend the last week of September swimming and sunbathing in **Elba**, and then cross back to the mainland to tour **Tuscany** early in October. The hill towns of Certaldo, San Gimignano and Volterra are at their loveliest; so also are Florence (could it ever fail?) Siena and Arezzo.

The summer season is still in full swing in **Beirut** (not that it knows a real winter); you can scorch—and I mean scorch—on the beaches right up till the end of the month, and sometimes later. In every sense, Beirut is one of the most pleasantly sybaritic places I know, gay by night and relaxed by day (you must expect to fit your sleep into the twilight hours in between). The St. George and the Excelsior are equally good hotels.

At a time when one wants to back the sunshine both ways with a retreat to a comfortable hotel, amusing night life, good restaurants and casinos, Beirut shares with **Tangier** and **Estoril** the same delights of this late season, and many Portuguese prefer Estoril in November to any other time of the year, which is telling. Tangier has



ITALY: The ski-lift at Cortina

the advantage of being the cheapest of all three to reach, with BEA's mid-week night flight to Gibraltar of only £30 10s. return and a fare of £3 16s. for the 15-minute



LEBANON: In downtown Beirut

flight to Tangier. Consider also the kindly climate of **Malaga** and **Marbella**, equally accessible from Gibraltar.

November

New York enjoys the bonus of a true Indian summer in November; I was there in the middle of the month last year, with blue skies and hot sunshine. It is also then at its gayest: social life, shops, and theatres boom and build up to the climax of Thanksgiving. I hope that this autumn the airlines will repeat the off-season fares which make New York accessible for as little as £114 return.

December

Madeira has an attractive season building up to Christmas and the New Year. My own favourite for this time of the year, however, is **Athens** which I remember with real nostalgia. In the brilliant December light, the Acropolis looked whiter and the sky bluer than ever. Every day it was warm enough to sit outside a café. When I saw Delphi there wasn't another tourist in sight, and the island of Hydra, some four hours away by boat was again peopled only by fishermen. Athens itself is gay with a winter season, but lacking—thank heaven—the rising hysteria of Christmas that afflicts Paris, London and New York. Christmas is celebrated of course, but in due proportion. To the Greeks it is possibly a less important festival than Easter.



What about cruises that leave just after Christmas and deliver you home in time for the daffodils? You're too late for those, and anyway the shipping lines arrange them to make the best of the climate—so my help isn't needed. Besides, the far-flung places like South Africa, Australia, South America and so on have a habit of notching up their Fahrenheit degrees consistently.

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HOSTS TO THE QUEEN

In Nehru's socialist India, a palace is "unproductive capital" says the Maharajah of Jaipur, with whom the Queen & Prince Philip have been staying. So he moved into the residence shown in the picture above, in which he is seen with the Maharani. His immense palace, a late-Victorian structure, has been turned into a 10-dollar-a-day hotel. "I thought it would not be a bad idea to offer Jaipur and tourists who come here an hotel which can compete with the best anywhere." He adds: "Now anyone can sleep in a real maharajah's bed." In this way the polo-playing prince, descendant of the founder of the city of Jaipur, follows his own precept that maharajahs should adapt themselves to the changed times. Jai, as the Maharajah is universally known, has done it so successfully that, though he is no longer the ruler of his state, he remains the most popular person in it. And not much is done in Rajasthan without consulting him.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The family emblem of the Jai dynasty remains on the gates of the ex-palace, now the Ram Bagh Palace Hotel



Military honours are reserved for Jai and his son at the state entrance to the Maharaja's new residence



Towers and domes of the Ram Bagh Palace Hotel are glimpsed through the cane blinds that line the spacious veranda. Here guests can keep cool. Outside is the Lion's Courtyard (right) which faces on to gardens used for open-air fêtes. Nearby is an enormous covered swimming pool. Left: General view of the former palace. Before it was built in the last century the maharajahs lived in another palace in the centre of the city



HOSTS TO THE QUEEN *concluded*



Survival amid change: Traditional entertainers on the road to Madras. Women's parts are usually played by men

EMANCIPATION

Survival amid change: Drying of chilis. Today thousands of women work among these peasants under development schemes

COLOUR PHOTOS: J. ALLAN CASH



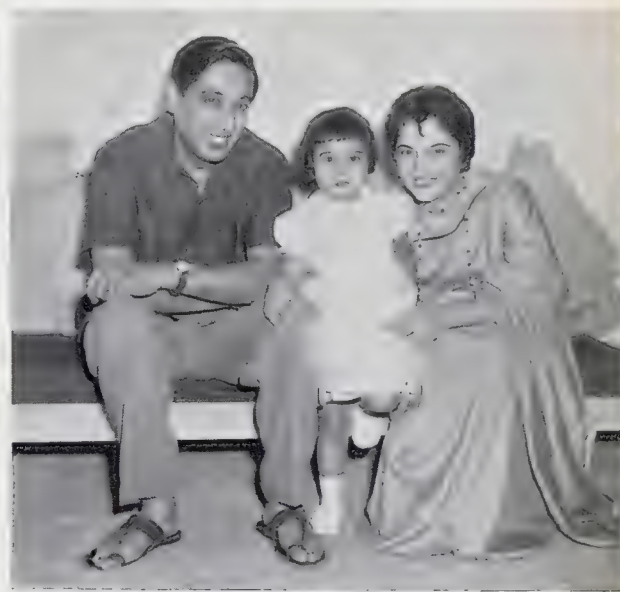
Secretary: Nirmala Modi has no time for caste. A Presley fan



Airline official: Indira Talyarkha is married to a Parsee. Three sons at Magdalen College, Oxford



Advertising executive: Nuru Swaminadhan is a Muslim happily married to a Hindu



comes to the Indian woman BY CECILIE LESLIE

NIGGER CHANGE has occurred in India since independence than the new life of the Indian woman. The new Constitution granted her equality with men in every way—politically, economically and socially. Previously she had seemed self-effacing, preferring to live in purdah and copy herself exclusively with home and children. Now all that is transformed. Purdah has gone. The Indian woman has a job and goes off to work on a motor-scooter. What is more she is proving to be a spectacular success at it, capturing some of the highest-paid posts in the country. Her status, outlook and way of life have been so revolutionized in under 14 years that today she is not only catching up but even outdistancing the Western woman.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu was India's first woman Governor and her daughter was the second—Miss Padmaja Naidu, Governor of West Bengal. Women have entered the Foreign Service and the Indian Administrative Service, which replaces the old I.C.S. Here many charming sari-clad young women now officiate in jobs which under the British raj were exclusively for men. There are Indian women Collectors and District Magistrates. Miss Sarla Khanna, for instance, was (until her appointment to the Education Department at Chandigarh) the Deputy Commissioner in Simla, and another young woman, Miss Roma Muzamdar, whom I met in Delhi, had been working as Additional District Magistrate of 24 Pargannas in Calcutta.

There seems no end to the variety of jobs now undertaken by Indian women. Miss Kamala Devi graduated in telecommunications and

works in the control room of All India Radio in Delhi, while in Calcutta the Assistant Station Engineer of All India Radio is Mrs. Keshavan. Mrs. Usha Ram Sainani is a hydraulic engineer who was sent to the U.S.A. by the Ministry of Irrigation & Power to study flood control measures. Engineering seems to attract Indian women. A woman mechanical engineer, Ila Majumdar, is a lecturer in the Delhi polytechnic, and was previously assistant foreman in the Ordnance Factory at Dehra Dun. A woman is the head of the Department of Architecture and another is a Director of the Botanical Survey of India. One of the most extraordinary positions for a woman is that of Srimati Sumatiben Morarji, who is the President of the Indian National Steamship Owners' Association.

In places like Rajasthan, a stronghold of orthodoxy and of the old aristocratic families, emancipation has been slower. But in Bombay, the most cosmopolitan of India's cities, the change has been complete and swift. Pretty, intelligent teenagers like Nirmala Modi go to work as secretaries, object to "arranged marriage," ignore caste, prefer Elvis Presley to Indian classical music, and join jam sessions in restaurants on a Sunday morning. Married women in Bombay work too. Mrs. Nur Jehan, or, as she is called, "Nuru" Swaminadhan, is typical of these go-ahead Indian women. She comes of a distinguished Muslim family: her brother, M. C. Chagla, was formerly Chief Justice of Bombay and is now India's Ambassador in Washington.

Nuru's upbringing was orthodox. Her sister

was in purdah and "arranged marriage" was the rule in her family. Nuru cut across these traditions. She never went into purdah; she took a job and married the man of her choice. Her choice happened to be "Suds" Swaminadhan, a Hindu Brahmin. This marriage broke every rule of caste, because "Suds" was a practising Hindu and Nuru a practising Muslim. But it has been a success. They have two girls: the eldest, 12, bears the Muslim name of Tehzeeb, the younger, 5, the Hindu one of Radhika. Religious issues are met in a happy compromise by the children attending Christian churches and learning Christian prayers!

Nuru is one of India's many efficient business executives. "Give an Indian woman a break, and she streaks ahead," she told me. This is certainly true of her. Starting as a copy-writer with J. Walter Thompson, she is now an account executive with a salary of £3,500 a year. Her work necessitates air travel all over the world—she had made seven world trips in three years—and when I met her, she was about to leave for Tokyo and New York. One of her accounts is Air-India, and it is her flair which has created such renown for the "Little Maharajah."

The Swaminadhans live in the kind of stylish flat that is to be found off the Champs-Élysées or Park Lane. Air-conditioned and designed on the open plan, it consists of an enormous living room which leads on to a balcony. Off the main room there are suites of bedroom, dressing-room and bathroom. The kitchen is pink, all-electric with the latest gadgets, and a part of it is converted into a dinette. Nuru has three servants,

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Development: Water reservoir in a community centre carries statistics of achievement to impress village folk



Development: Village women learning to write in a typical community Project Block



EMANCIPATION comes to the Indian woman CONTINUED

but here again she has broken with tradition by employing only women.

Despite her liking for a Western way of life, I found that Nuru adheres to the basic ideas and moral codes of the East. She told me: "Indian women are brought up to do all the cooking for their family, and to supervise every detail of the house. Rather than neglect my home I would give up my job. But I find I can do it all by getting up early. I am up at 6 a.m. and before leaving for the office at 9 a.m. I prepare the food for all the meals. I return for lunch, leave work at six and take my daughters for a drive or a swim."

"My husband and I devote Saturday and Sunday to them, and only accept weekend invitations if our children can accompany us."

Of her relationship with her husband she made this revealing comment: "If I see my husband searching for his slippers I get up, find them and slip them on his feet. This is in the tradition of my mother and my grandmother. We Indian women like to serve our men and we also accept men as our superiors. I've no interest in proving it otherwise; in fact, if I tried, it would be the end of my marriage. In this I believe we are wiser than women of the West. A man is more easy to handle if he feels he dominates his wife."

Whatever else she may discard, the Indian woman will never exchange her sari for Western dress. As Nuru said, "The sari is the Indian woman's best friend: it hides her bad points and flatters her good ones. In a roomful of Western women, the Indian woman in a sari

always looks the most beautiful one there."

The Community Development scheme which is revolutionizing rural India has recruited thousands of women. The idea of the scheme is to lift the peasant out of his appalling poverty by teaching him to improve his living conditions. The work is badly paid, calls for self-sacrifice from women. The Government asks them to live in remote hamlets without sanitation, light, fans, or water so that they may better help the poor.

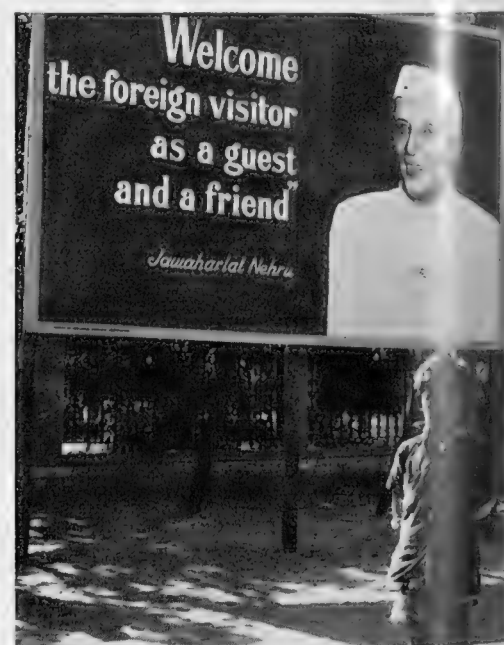
Rosemary Rao, who joined this scheme, is a staff nurse from a big hospital in Alwa. I met her in the Rural Health Training Centre in Naila in Rajasthan. Here she had received her three-month "orientation course." This is a special course given to workers, whatever their qualifications—and there are doctors, nurses, health specialists, agricultural experts in the scheme. Rosemary had been placed in charge of 22 villages. Each day she visited ten houses and, according to where they were situated, went by jeep, camel or bullock cart. I accompanied her on one of her trips. Wherever she went the women came out to welcome her.

"But it wasn't like that at first," she told me. "When I came here eight months ago the women set their dogs on me. They refused to let me into their homes because they heard I was a Christian and would defile them. When I eventually got round them I found they lived little better than animals, caring more for their cattle than their children."

"But they are quick and eager to learn. They have started to give their children daily baths,

to build latrines, and to add more vegetables and some meat to their diet. There is already a noticeable improvement in the health of the children."

"At first I was homesick and hated living in this isolated village. Now, even though I miss my family and friends, I am really very content. India is an exciting place to live in. Every woman feels she is leading a life that is really worth while."



A reminder in Jaipur that India is boosting her tourist potential

BAHAMAS BOUND

Sailing

*night at Southampton of the good ship Caronia
—off on a sunshine cruise. Muriel Bowen was
there to see her leave. Desmond O'Neill went
along to take the photographs*

It didn't start too well. The boat train to Southampton—you've guessed it—was late. They said there was a landslip on the line. But once aboard the Caronia nobody minded—a big liner is always so wonderfully welcoming. I wished I were sailing too and I envied the zebra-striped cabin trunks, the boxer dog with a Cunard label, the flowers by the thousand—all the trappings of a luxury voyage. Lady Cayzer was on board with her son, Sir James. They were bound for Jamaica, along with Sir David Evans Bevan, Bt., & Lady Evans Bevan, Mr. H. A. Andrae, the merchant banker, & Mrs. Andrae, Sir Alfred Butt and his new wife, and Major John & Lady Ursula Abbey. "I'm taking out some more furniture and things for our house there," Lady Ursula told me. They have had it about a year and there is still quite a bit to do before it's finished. Major Abbey told me that he would be supervising the building of roads on the estate during his stay.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Boat train passengers come aboard: Mr. & Mrs. A. Rippon-Swaine (centre) were going to live in Bermuda, plus children and boxer



Inevitably on these occasions there were those who tried to pretend that they weren't going to have a good time at all and that the whole idea was something cooked up by their wives. I met Mr. **Sam Armstrong**, the Newmarket trainer, and Mrs. Armstrong reading "*bon voyage*" telegrams. "It's sympathy they really should be sending us," commented Mr. Armstrong with a wry smile. "Here we are going off on this ship—and all the nice, useful work we might be doing at home!" They're off to Nassau in the Bahamas. From there they will go to Florida and watch racing at Hialeah, the sumptuous winter headquarters of American flat racing. As Mrs. Armstrong said: "Once my husband puts his foot on dry land he's sure to be off after a horse again."

Writing of horses reminds me that there were several well-known turf accountants on board. This sailing to the sun is a yearly ritual for them.



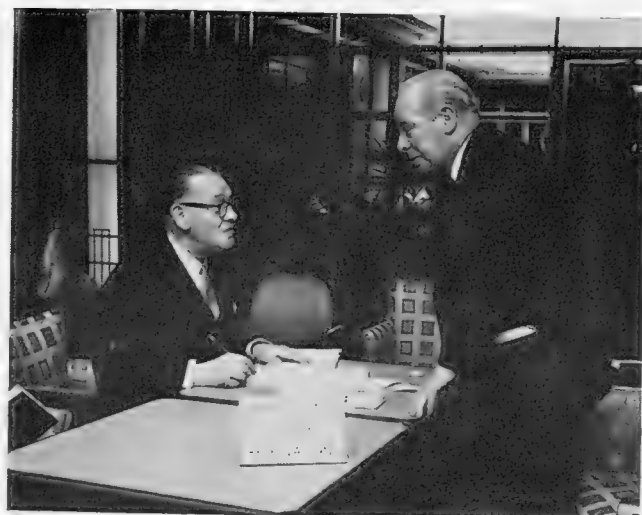
BAHAMAS BOUND CONTINUED

Farewell party in Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Lasley's cabin. They were going to New York





First meal aboard for Sir Alfred & Lady Butt



Mr. Arthur Pickles reserves a table



Bernie's round doll is immediately fitted with a life jacket

Waterproof his golf clubs aboard: Mr. & Mrs. B. A. E. Hiley



Bon voyage messages are read by Mr. & Mrs. Sam Armstrong, going to Nassau



Muriel Bowen CONCLUDED

I noticed some seasoned cruisemanship by **Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bt.,** & the Hon. Lady de Trafford. They were among the first up the gangway, which not only beats the crush from the boat trains, but means getting to meet the ship's officers in comfort. Sir Humphrey and his wife sail to Bermuda every year on the *Caronia*. No racing for him during his stay; he took his clubs and will play golf. The sailing meant a seeing-off excursion for two of the de Trafford grandchildren, **Mr. John Bowes-Lyon, 18,** and his 13-year-old brother, David.

Still more on board: **Mr. & Mrs. Cosby Smallpiece,** going to Bermuda, **Mr. & Mrs. G. R. Dawes,** bound for Nassau, **Mr. & Mrs. Leslie Carr-Jones** who are having a short stay in Nassau before sailing on to New York on one of the coastal vessels, and **Sir David Robertson, M.P.,** & Lady Robertson. Sir David, who has been ill, is going to convalesce in the Bahamas.

MORE SUN-SEEKERS

Another sunshine sailing: the French Lines' liner, *Flandre*, left yesterday on a 31-day round trip which will take in Guadeloupe, Martinique, Barbados, Curacao, Jamaica and Lisbon. **Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort** sailed on it with her aunt, **Mrs. Laurence Carr.** "We're staying on board, just getting off at the ports," Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort told me. "It's all going to be nice and lazy in the sun." Nothing so inactive for her husband, though. He's off for six weeks on a business-cum-pleasure trip to New York and Palm Beach.

Others who sailed on the *Flandre*: **Col. & Mrs. J. F. Pye,** **Mr. & Mrs. A. S. Bishop,** **Sir Thomas & Lady Lloyd,** **Mr. & Mrs. J. S. F. Pollitzer,** and **Admiral Sir Arthur & Lady Peters.**

The planes, too, are busy transporting people to more hospitable climates. **Sir Leslie & the Hon. Lady Gamage** have their first trip over the Pole when they return from the Far East on 19 March. They have already left (Sir Leslie on business, his wife for pleasure) on a trip which takes in such distant spots as Tokyo and Tasmania. **Mr. & Mrs. Greville Baylis,** too, have gone farther than most. They've just taken a B.O.A.C. Comet to Port of Spain.

Luggage coming aboard the Caronia from the boat train



Mr. Robert Everest, Mayor of Westminster, & Mrs. Everest inspect the Trinity mace



Mr. G. F. Mitchell, Trinity's Registrar, with the Earl & Countess of Rosse (the Earl is Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University) and Lord Osmantown



The Earl of Iveagh, Chancellor of the University, looking at the busts which usually stand in the college library

OTH F OOK



The Irish Ambassador, Mr. Hugh J. McCann, & Mrs. McCann

Treasures of Trinity College, Dublin, including the celebrated Book of Kells—written in Latin and illuminated by Irish monks of the 8th-9th century—were shown at Burlington House in a special exhibition to raise funds for the extension of the college library



The Earl of Crawford & Balearres, who opened the exhibition, studying the Book of Kells—on view for the first time outside Ireland

PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. V. SWAEBE



Viscount & Viscountess Boyd of Merton and (right) Dr. A. J. McConnell, Trinity's Provost



There is no doubt that the French word "festival" has caught on. In England it gets applied to cricket, hockey and concert halls, while in Italy the year's calendar of tourist attractions announces Festivals of Fish, "Folclor," Gourmets, Stenography, Peaches and Piano-accordions. (There is also a "Festival of the Cricket" in Florence, but they don't mean what Scarborough means; they mean grasshoppers.) To the French and their dictionaries, however, the word "festival" means what it has come to mean to a new generation and category of international travellers and to no fewer than 65 European towns between May and October this year: a *grande fête musicale*.

This rush of culture to the European head is a purely post-war phenomenon. There were festivals before the war, of course, even in England; but nothing like the number or variety offered—and apparently taken—today. Where the mere handful that could persuade a few English to cross the Channel used to be concentrated in Germany and Austria, the musically insatiable traveller in 1961 can choose from places as remote and unlikely as Helsinki and Gibraltar, Bergen and Wexford, Warsaw, Lisbon and Athens. What used to be a casual pastime for the rich, or the odd freelance journalist who could wangle his way in for free, is today something of an industry with a slap-up European Association of Music Festivals with headquarters (like the Red Cross) in Geneva, and directed at the custom of a wider public altogether.

So, not having ever met in the ordinary way of social intercourse anybody who had ever been to any of these festivals, except for purely professional reasons, I set about finding out who pays to go to them, and why, and how much it costs them. Most of my questions were answered by Mr. Frederick Gardiner, who runs an agency which gets the festival traveller there and back.

The first thing I learnt is that festival visiting is regarded as a holiday in itself by most of Mr. Gardiner's clients. They are so dead nuts on music, it seems, that they will study the association's calendar, pick on Bayreuth, Munich or Salzburg and arrange their holiday so that it is spent at one of those three places—and if possible at all three in turn. Eccentric indulgence of this kind naturally costs money, even in package form; to do the Bayreuth trip alone can cost up to £140 (including one ticket for each of seven Wagner operas); and even then it misses out *Die Meistersinger*. However, this can be caught up with quite conveniently at the Munich Festival.

Munich this year, indeed, is in the nature of what punters call a "get-out" meeting. In addition to *Die Meistersinger*, they are putting on what many English visitors may have missed at Glyndebourne earlier—the Glyndebourne-commissioned Auden-&-Henze opera, *Elegy for Young Lovers*, translated into German for Munich as *Elegie für junge Liebende*.

Even though as a package festival Munich can cost as little as £35 with opera tickets, it rates with Bayreuth and Salzburg as an essentially snob affair. Mr. Gardiner surprised me rather by saying that to be able to return home and say you have been to Bayreuth, Munich or—particularly—Salzburg, is absolutely obligatory if the Joneses of any nation are to be kept up with. I was surprised, because there is nothing in the modern festival which can compare for snob-appeal with the scarcity value of a Toscanini opera

performance at pre-Hitler Salzburg.

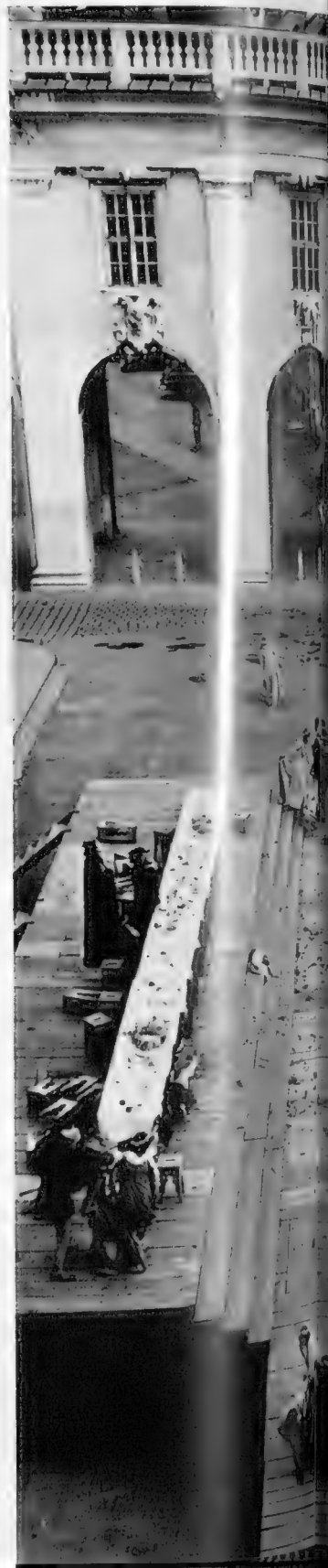
Evidently, place-snobbery must have taken the place of name-snobbery, for it is clear that names, as such, do not impress the ardent festival visitor these days. Conductors, soloists, orchestras and the rest who do what even quite educated European artists now call "concertize," do it too much, too easily and too often.

You can sit happily in London, S.E.1, and have any musician in the world brought to you on a jet in the course of the most ordinary season. Consequently it is not much of a treat to travel across Europe for 800 miles or so and hear the same people, even in different surroundings and easier licensing hours. What attracts people to festivals—and makes them

Those festivals —does anyone ever go for fun?

by Spike Hughes

An open-air production of Hugo von Hofmannsthal's religious play *Everyman* is a weekly feature of Salzburg Festival. It is performed in front of the cathedral



give up their holidays for it—is in fact the music. Above all, I am told, it is the chance of hearing operas they can't hear at home and so once more put one over the Joneses. (There is no greater or more industrious snob than your opera snob who "collects" performances of operas of which he remembers not a note, but which he assures you are neglected masterpieces. I once "collected" more than 200 operas like this, and there are barely 40 of them I would want to hear again.)

Really good festivals offer you operas you don't know, preferably by composers you do, with nice long intervals between the acts. Like Wexford, with its policy of unfamiliar Verdi, Rossini and Donizetti, and its uniquely Irish atmosphere of casual

charm and hospitality, where they have now restored their lovely 18th-century Theatre Royal to its original appearance for its reopening in late September.

That English opera-lovers should want to enlarge their experience by going to festivals is understandable; it is the only way they can do it. On the other hand, that English ballet-lovers should chase off all over Europe in search of something that is done exceedingly well at home is surely puzzling. But I learn that the bookings for holidays-with-ballet are getting heavier every year—and the more exotic the better. Hence the attraction of festivals that feature local dancing like Granada, Dubrovnik, Athens, Berlin, Santander, Stockholm, Bordeaux, Copenhagen, Cork and Bregenz (where performances take place on a stage moored out on Lake Constance, like the one in the Marx Brothers' *A Night at the Opera*).

In addition to the traveller whose festival includes a holiday, as it were, there is the sort whose holiday includes a festival. This kind of traveller plans his holiday in the normal way and then looks around to see if there is anything cultural going on in the neighbourhood. These people find themselves joining in festivals at Aix-en-Provence or Arles if they go to the South of France, at Siena, Florence or Venice if they are in Italy, at Athens if they go to Greece, at Gstaad or Lucerne if they go to Switzerland. This seems to me the best way of combining culture with pleasure, though I must confess the highest I have ever reached in holiday culture is a visit to *La Dolce Vita* on a rainy afternoon in Nice.

For anybody planning a festival holiday there is plenty to choose from, as we have seen. Which of the 65 *grandes fêtes musicales* is most likely to suit depends entirely on what sort of music they like and when they want it. **Bayreuth** (July-August) is for Wagner only, of course, while **Munich** (August-September) is for those who mainly like Mozart, Strauss or Wagner; **Salzburg** (July-August) means Mozart. **Florence** (May-June) is the place for Verdi this year, **Aix-en-Provence** (July) for Mozart, Monteverdi and Purcell's *Dido & Aeneas*. **Prague** (May-June) has eight symphony orchestras, 15 conductors, 13 soloists and a selection of old and new Czech operas; **Lucerne** (August-September) has two orchestras, eight conductors, 12 soloists and four chamber music groups. **Wiesbaden** (May) offers opera companies from Belgrade and Palermo as well as its own, and the ballet of the Monnaie in Brussels. **Vienna** goes on for nearly a month (May-June) with 19 conductors, eight orchestras and a programme of opera and operetta. The tireless Mr. Menuhin runs **Bath** in June and **Gstaad** in August, as well as appearing at Lucerne and **Prades** in the Pyrenees for Casals' 85th birthday festival in July; and Gian-Carlo Menotti presents his **Spoleto** festival for the fourth time in June and July.

Finally, there is the biennial Beethoven festival in **Bonn** in late September, and in Vienna one of the hardest of annuals, the festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music. Since 1922 it has drawn together modern composers from all over the world who listen to each other's music and hate every bar of it. The I.S.C.M. festivals were the only ones I ever enjoyed when I was young; there was no damn nonsense about culture. There was always far too much to do to listen to music, and if you did happen to go to a concert there was usually a riot. Those were *real* festivals.



LORD KILBRACKEN

When a traveller knows his way around...

(he ends up in a bottle factory)

THESE lines come to you from a bottle factory in Milan. I've worked in unexpected places during the last 12 months or so, but none more unexpected than this. It's where they bottle Italy's entire supply—10,000 bottles a day—of Seven-Up: *piace fa bene* say the advertising slogans. I'll do my best to explain how I come to be writing from here.

The week started at Killegar, whence I set out for London with a suitcase, skis, a small son and 432 cream cheeses. I was on my way to a week's skiing in Cortina d'Ampezzo, which I haven't yet succeeded in reaching. Arrived in town, I placed my son on a train for Rugby, dumped the cheeses with my wholesaler in Soho, and had four or five hours to do some business, and to check on my usual haunts, before flying out on a late plane to Paris.

I was in the place de la Concorde by midnight and headed forthwith for the Club d'Aviation. It isn't widely known that it's possible (and legal) to play *chemin-de-fer* and baccarat, which are the Club d'Aviation's *raison d'être*, within an easy stone's throw of the Champs Elysées. I don't know how many times I made the long trip out to Enghien before I discovered this. The Club d'Aviation has had nothing to do with flying for 30 or 40 years, though faded photographs of early flying heroes still hang on its faded walls, but it is one of the two or three "clubs" in Paris where gambling is permitted. There's no trouble getting in if you have a passport, a tie and an address in Paris, all of which I had, and are reasonably sober, which I was—though the female of the species is excluded from the gambling rooms.

I soon lost the 100 new francs—which sounds less than 10,000 old francs, the modest limit I'd set myself—before cabaret-time at the Aiglon down the road, whither I repaired for the two-

hour *spectacle* before returning discreetly to my hotel in the Latin Quarter. This despite a meeting with a young lady named Sylviane, who wrote down her profession, at my request, as follows: "*Je danse à la lumière phosphorescente*" (sic).

Next day I *meant* to head for Italy, but on issuing forth into the boulevard St. Germain for a *café-complét* at midday, I chanced on Sam Shaw, an old American friend whom I'd last seen on Broadway but who is likely to turn up anywhere. He was in France, it seemed, as co-producer of *Paris Blues*, a racy, controversial film about the Paris underworld, directed by Walter Ritt. Sam was on his way to the Sacré Coeur, where the unit was shooting, and he pulled me unbreakfasted into his taxi. "Come and meet the kids," he said.

Soon afterwards I was hardly surprised to find myself discussing with Ritt the pressing problem of the day, which was how to attract to the camera, and then keep on the scene, 50 to 100 of the Sacré Coeur pigeons, which were required to take part in the particular scene he was shooting. I happened to know about just this kind of thing from my experience with John Huston on *Moby Dick*—though with Huston it was seagulls. With a few kilos of maize we were able to work wonders, and I spent the rest of the day with the unit (and, intermittently, the pigeons) watching the filming of the sequence which will run for all of 30 seconds in the eventual movie.

By the time I returned to my hotel, the last train to Cortina had departed, so I had to spend another night in Paris and fly to Italy next morning. I didn't mind. With a party of new-found friends, I'm not ashamed to admit that I set out soon before midnight for the Crazy Horse Saloon, that well-known American centre—I almost wrote "colony"—in the avenue George V. I know that it's supposed to

be the original tourist trap, but I don't care, and anyway I don't agree. The first bottle of champagne, admittedly, costs £8, but that keeps four people going for an hour, often much longer, and there's no admission fee. (You get the second bottle at half price, but there's no further reduction for third and subsequent bottles.)

In return, you not only get the champagne, which is dry and iced, but a three-hour cabaret which is hot and sultry, and just about the sexiest in town—what with Pascalina, and Cécile Sirocco in "32 Palpitating Poses," and Biju in "*La Bain de la Parisienne*." The place was as packed, as pitch-dark and as smoke-filled as ever, and it was 3 a.m. when we departed.

This morning, I actually caught my plane. I had intended flying to Venice, the nearest airport to Cortina, but learnt, with astonishment, that there are no direct flights in winter between Paris and Venice. I didn't feel like flying via Rome, the only way available. So I took the Alitalia Viscount, in brilliant sunshine, over the chunky white Alps to the flat plains of Italy, and to Milan by noon. And here I discovered that there was no train till midnight for the 10-hour journey to the elusive Dolomites.

I suppose this was just as well, for my deadline was on me and I can't write in trains. I needed somewhere to work, so of course I rang up Elena. She'd changed jobs since I last saw her, four or five years ago, but I finally ran her to ground, and she would be very happy indeed to put an office at my disposal. "I'm with the Seven-Up people," she said. "Come to the Via Saccardo."

So here I am, surrounded by 10,000 bottles. The programme now? Well, first, dinner with Elena. And then I really *will* catch that train to the Miramonti-Majestic. At least, I think I will.



The Hunt Ball was at Eccleshall Castle, which was rebuilt in the reign of William & Mary after the original had been destroyed by Cromwell's army

DATES WITH HOUNDS

A meet at Betton House followed the annual ball of the North Staffordshire, described by Muriel Bowen. Next weekend there was a meet at Charnes Hall

Tucked away behind the battlements of Eccleshall Castle I found followers of the North Staffordshire Hunt and their friends having a lively gallop round the dance floor. At this time of year, foxhunting is well leavened with parties. Most of them are carbon copies of the hunt balls of last year and the year before. But the North Staffordshire frolic could not be

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Eccleshall Castle was floodlit. The sunken lawn was once a moat

Below left: Miss Joanna Conant and Mr. Michael Villiers

Bottom left: Miss Jennifer Fitch and Mr. Keith Calvert

floors—this is such an old place, we could all be burnt alive,” Mrs. Carter told me cheerfully. I had found her picking up a cigarette butt off the drawing-room carpet. “But I’m not really worried. All the best furniture has been put in the stables,” she said. Naturally a dance as good as this sells all the tickets. The two joint-Masters, Mr. J. Stanley Bourne and Mr. “Johny” Ramsden, were there with their wives. And having an arm in a sling didn’t keep the Hunt’s chairman, Mr. J. S. Cadman, away.

Major Sir Evelyn Broughton, Bt., was wearing the coat and waistcoat of the Tarporley Hunt with ordinary evening dress trousers—which was something that didn’t escape the alert eye



described in that way. In Mrs. “Jummy” Friend and Mrs. Billy Tellwright the Hunt has two women with flair for amusing décor. No less important, they have the necessary persuasion (vital when money-raising is the object) of talking their friends into lending an assortment of equipment—tennis nets, candy-striped umbrellas, Venetian blinds, hula get-ups, garden furniture—and a whole lot of stuff which, let’s be honest, will never be the same again.

The ball was possible through the kindness and help of Mr. & Mrs. William E. Carter, who own Eccleshall. “I’m keeping an eye on the



At the buffet: Mrs. Owen Roberts and Mrs. Stanley Bourne

Mr. J. S. Cadman, chairman of the hunt, with Mrs. Paul Hawkins

Dr. David Thursby-Pelham with Miss Daphne Carter, of Eccleshall Castle

Phylida Friend, who lives at Charnes Hall, and Mrs. John Congreve

of Mr. Rafe Cavenagh-Mainwaring. "Evelyn, why aren't you wearing your fancy trousers?" he inquired. Sir Evelyn, a little taken aback, eventually had to admit to having outgrown them. (The Tarporley Hunt evening dress has green knee breeches with matching hose.)

Upstairs Miss Caroline Beckford, Miss Christine Robbins, Mr. Robin Abel Smith, the Hon. Anna Plowden, Major Michael & the Hon. Mrs. Parish and more out-of-the-county visitors were trying their luck at the tombola. About 30 pheasants were hanging from a pole at the end of the room. "We did very well over the pheasants," said Mrs. Michael Boote, eyeing them proudly.

But even the best of ball organizers can't hope to please everybody all the time. Mr. John Bibby, of the shipping family, questioned the idea of a tombola room ("they never have anything like that at the Cheshire Hunt Ball"). But his questioning didn't last long. After a modest flutter he went off with a bottle of whisky and a bottle of champagne.

Next day it was on to Betton House, Market Drayton, for the meet. Blank draw followed blank draw. Then, presto! We were flying after a fox on Mr. J. B. Baker's covert. It didn't look much like the morning after the night before when the field faced the first jump, a hedge and took off a tarred road with a drop on the landing side. Miss Joanna Conant fairly sent her big grey at it. Mr. "Nick" Hall, Dr. & Mrs. J. ... and Col. Sir Geoffrey Christie-Miller were a well over.

Mr. James Bostock, that well-known personality with the Quorn and the North Staffordshire, lost his hat over it. "They're a very nice lot of young men with this Hunt," he told me as he galloped along. "Somebody always picks up my hat before I can get down to it myself." Mr. Bostock was one of 10 still there when hounds put their fox to ground after a six-mile point, 11 miles as they ran.

More disaster. Miss Sarah Mitchell was going nicely on a hot young racehorse, when suddenly he came down on the flat. Fortunately Mr. Hugo Vivian Smith, who hunts with the Bicester, was on hand. Miss Mitchell was being philosophical about it all. "I'd pay a fortune for this amount of mud at a beauty salon!" she said gaily.

On Mrs. Tellwright's bold jumping chestnut, the best hunter I've ever ridden, no fence was impossible and it was always possible to pull up and see how everybody else was doing. What a day it was! A really good bit of country, as good as the Shires, and plenty of "incident" along the way. "Have you seen Phylida?" called Major "Jummy" Friend to one of the honorary secretaries, Mr. Peter Tellwright. "This fence is too big for her pony."

But Phylida, aged 13, had got over



Mr. James Bostock. Right: Mr. J. Stanley Bourne, joint-Master, with the huntsman



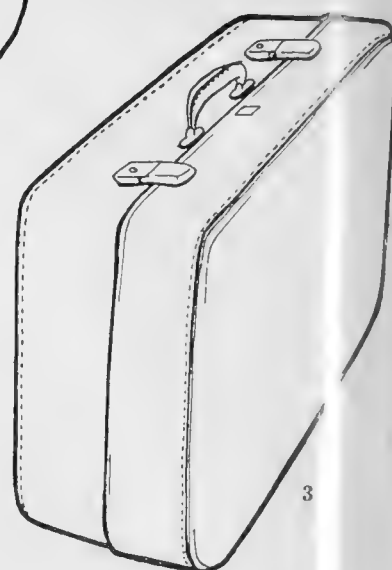
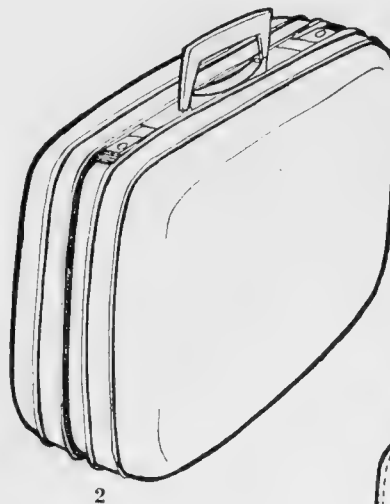
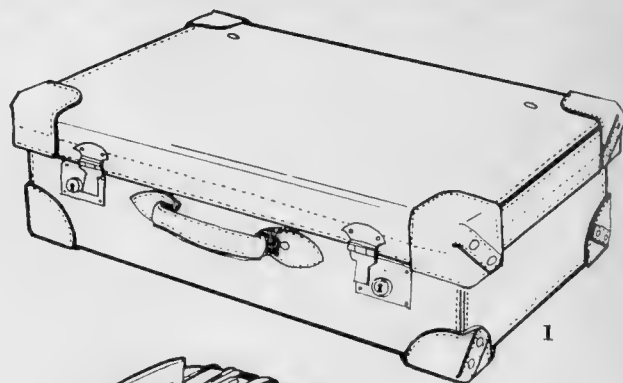
it some minutes before father got there.

Mr. Michael Villiers, of the 11th Hussars (whose home pack is the East Kent) was pushing on bravely on a rather stubborn brown. But the horses coming behind were taking fright at his coat. It was torn from collar to hem down the back, and a white shirt flapped through it.

Going well in the first few were Mr. Neil Wyatt, a polished horseman and point-to-point rider from the Whaddon country, and his father, Mr. "Puggy" Wyatt, Mr. Mark Carter, and Miss Anita Jupp on her bay mare, Emma. All these were in at the finish.

LUGGAGE IS NOT WHAT IT WAS—AND IT IS all the better for that. The word has reached manufacturers that porters are hard to come by in most places where travellers end up—or perhaps some of them found themselves carrying their own suitcases in a place like Hendaye. There you have to walk about 200 yards to negotiate customs and change trains for Madrid. It's a stern test of a handle, particularly of the traditional kind that leaves tramline ridges on your palms. Another good spot is Calais, where (as at most cross-Channel ports) the gangway appears specially designed to be just too narrow for one traveller and one case. It even has thoughtful uprights to catch the square edges of passing luggage and jab them into the passenger's legs. Reaching the boat train unbruised and still two-handed is cause for congratulation. You would not be likely to make it with a case like 1, which was unaccountably recommended by the Council of Industrial Design as recently as 1951. Note the projecting reinforcement, the hand-carving handle and the general clumsiness. Of course it would last years—it's real leather—but imagine the hate it would provoke along the way. This design, happily, is no longer made, for travellin' light is the need in the air age and, besides, luggage has become a fashion article.

Hence a case like 2, an American line at Simpson's (Piccadilly), made of reinforced magnesium. This Samsonite Silhouette

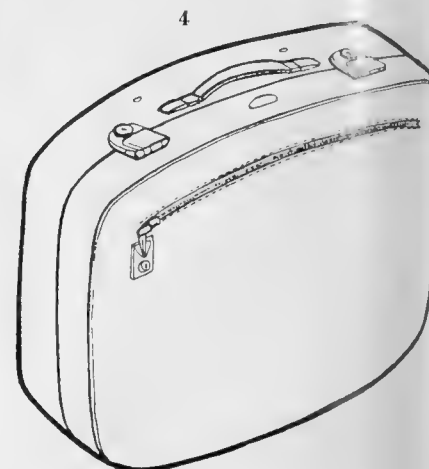


COUNTER SPY

looking at luggage

ESPIONAGE : MINETTE SHEPARD
DIAGRAMS : SHEILA BRIDGLAND

moulded luggage has an encircling steel channel for strength and the lock is recessed into it. Light and strong, with no sharp bits sticking out, it is among the most attractive yet and comes in several colours (prices from £12). Magnesium is just one of many new materials that have changed luggage. P.v.c., fibreglass, and plywood have brought new slimness and lightness. Revelation's Caravelle, also specially designed for flying, has a magnesium frame and reinforced fibreglass body. They also do a zip-up 30-in. case, and the latest version (4) of their original fibreglass model (the first in Britain) is limp-sided with an outside zip pocket on the lid (in several colours, £7 19s. 6d. from Revelation, W.1; Harvey's, Guildford). Note the handle: it is smooth, and *sprung*.



Antler are another firm that have done something about handles. Theirs have a patented "cushion grip" that makes them feel very light, and their Airstream moulded cases are equally advanced. They are made of wood pulp, resined for waterproofing and bonding, reinforced with fibreglass and covered with I.C.I.'s strongest p.v.c. There is also a metal strip round the case for a secure fit. (The Airlight range is lighter but not so strong.)

Zip-up limp-sided cases, once inclined to be flimsy, are a different proposition with p.v.c. and new techniques. Improved Crown range, their lightest yet, with its zip on the lid, is now given a larger opening, and there is a zip protector to stop clothes from getting caught. There is a 30-in. size that enables clothes to be laid flat. Crown's lightweight Palermo range introduces an exclusive material, Terrevin, that makes limp-sided cases even more attractive. It is fantastically strong and flexible. Another new Crown design, 3, compromises between the lightness of limp sides and the strength of rigid cases. Semi-moulded, and stitched for extra strength, it is p.v.c.-covered and is so economical to make that the whole range will retail under £5. The case is deep, lies completely flat and has strong tapes to hold clothes in each half (in several colours at Selfridges at the end of February). Incidentally, Crown say that from 1 March cases from five of their ranges will be guaranteed for one year.

What about leather? It may have a lot to live down, but when properly used it can be light as well as believably strong—the only thing that can bring it to grief is a sharp edge cutting into it. The Prestwick range, 5, demonstrates leather's comeback. Designed by S. E. Norman, it received a Design Centre Award in 1958 and was praised for its looks, finish, and unusually comfortable handles (in several colours as well as coachhide, from about 12 gns. at Simpson's, Piccadilly; and Kendal Milne, Manchester). A tremendous range of leather luggage is stocked by Harrods, and much of it is made in their own workshops. They have a magnificent luxury range in Arden Seal, incredibly tough and very good-looking. Price: for a 31-in. suitcase, £75 10s. Pinnigans, too, design their own leather luggage and have some excellent colours; often contrasting leathers are used on a suitcase. Prices: for weekend cases from about £25. Weight: their lightest 24-in. case is 7 lb.

What to look for when buying luggage: a light case, firmly fitting lid, comfortable handle, strong hinges, locks that don't stick out, smooth contours, and stout finish. One thing only experience will show: whether it can stand up to the handling it will get at airports.

GOOD LOOKS



Marla Scarafia



The Hon. Lady Lawson

Travel thinking

IN the speeding sixties a traveller is rocketed into extremes of temperature but without the benefit of the gradual transition period available on ship or train. From the chill of England to the blaze of Beirut in, what, under seven hours flat? A sensitive skin all too soon registers this snappy change of climate. Heat can be drying as well as cold, so if your skin has any tendency to dryness, moisturize in advance.

Here is some travel-thinking from people who move around briskly but beautifully. **Marla Scarafia** (proof of her philosophy can be observed on the fashion pages) has dark Italianate good looks that don't suffer on the way. Hair is kept in glossy order by winding on giant rollers and she adds to her coiffure with matched switches that change the look of her hair. She is disillusioned about local hairdressers, so she wants a portable hair-dryer with plugs to fit any point in the world. Available, she wistfully remarks, in America but not in England. But hotels will usually lend you one, or you can buy an adaptor for your own on arrival. Legs: if they have been waxed before departure they usually need attention before the end of a trip. Marla uses a smoothing mitt rather like fragile emery paper (you can buy them from Boots).

Pat Bowden believes in less and less make-up as heat increases, and she wears free-and-easy clothes on the journey. Her thick, curly hair needs constant supervision to keep it in good shape and she finds that hairdressers abroad do exactly what she wants—hotels will usually give you a name. She packs small amounts of favourite make-up in featherlight bottles, uses dark brown *pan-cake* to outline her eyes, because it really stays put in heat. Eye shadow is set with a thin film of powder, lips are defined with a dryish lipstick that won't run and smudge like glossy ones.

The Hon. Lady Lawson has just returned from a trip to India, Thailand and Australia. In hot climates like these she uses Elizabeth Arden's *Sun Proof Creme* because it makes a good foundation too. She knows just how her own hairdresser puts the rollers in and when abroad instructs whoever happens to be doing her hair just how they should go. She says disastrous brush-outs can be remedied but a bad set stays in. She likes to pick up her make-up on the journey and goes to the trouble of making inquiries beforehand to see whether her favourite products are on sale (in India, they weren't).

Elizabeth Williamson



Pat Bowden

TRAVEL TALE

from the South China Sea



The faraway places are coming closer all the time as air liners get faster and new routes open up. Even the strange-sounding names are no longer quite the potent conversation-stoppers they were. They've become familiar by repetition and even the people who haven't actually been know all about them from friends who have. The trick these days is to go still farther afield. That's why these exciting new travel clothes were photographed on the shores of the South China Sea—on Hong Kong island and in the New Territories to be exact. It's about as far east as the purely pleasure-seeking tourist is likely to get—and for the adventurous there's the added spice of being able to take a peep across the frontier wire into Red China

For an outing in the New Territories (Communist China is just across the plain) a sleeveless dress of mimosa Londinium—a rayon shantung. A matching tailored jacket goes with it, but it was too hot to wear. Dress and jacket are lined throughout and the two-piece is made by London Town dresses. Buy it at Fenwicks, New Bond Street, W.1; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham: 17 gns.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL DUNNE

For a visit to the White Pagoda (in the Tiger Balm Garden on the outskirts of Victoria, Hong Kong) this petunia suède leather coat cut on coolie lines with side vents. The coat was imported from Spain by Bettina and can be bought at Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Price: about 48 gns. Chez Elle matching calf leather hat is at Peter Robinson, Strand, W.C.2, and in Scotland at Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Price 6½ gns.





Fishing outfit for a dawn expedition (opposite) comprises Jaeger's cotton beach shirt in pale blue worn with beige shorts striped with pale blue. Buy them from the Jaeger Boutique, Regent Street, W.1, to order in this or other colours. Prices: the shirt 4 gns., the shorts £2 9s. 6d.

TRAVEL TALE

continued

In Hong Kong there's no escaping the sight and sound of the sea. It's the home of a huge percentage of the population, and the clotted tangle of junks and sampans grows daily as whole fleets of fishing boats complete with crews and families flee from mainland China. The floating villages teem with seaborne toddlers who never seem to fall overboard. And surprisingly, too, the overfished coastal waters still yield up a rich harvest that the tourist can help gather in for a few dollars' hire of a fishing boat



Breezy look for the tourist (right) under a colourful banner on the Victoria waterfront in Dorville's sleeveless dress and matching jacket in pale blue honeycomb Courtelle—easily washed, quickly dried, an excellent traveller. Buy it at Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells; Griffiths, Caernarvon; Madame de Witt, Croydon: 29 gns.

Appropriate for lunching on the Tai Pak floating fish restaurant in Aberdeen Harbour, Polly Peck's easy-to-wash dress in heavy white Tricel with a crimson leather belt. At Chanelle, Knightsbridge; Werff Bros., Birmingham; Norman Howard, Croydon. Price: 9½ gns. (available in mid-February)







TRAVEL TALE

continued

Picnicking on deck in Susan Small's white ribbed sweater printed with turquoise roses and worn with matching jersey slacks. Both the sweater and the pants can be bought at Derry & Toms, Kensington, W.8. The price together is 22 gns.

Sightseeing in Aberdeen Harbour with Susan Small's gaily striped pink and grey cotton dress providing a splash of western colour against the drab cotton coolie jackets worn by the fisherwomen. Buy it at Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, W.1, Vogue, Cambridge; Chanal, Leeds, price: 6½ gns.

Hong Kong's crowded Aberdeen Harbour looks like a floating city. The busiest people there, pursuant to time-honoured Oriental usage, are the women. They carry the loads, work the sampans, cook and keep the submerged wicker baskets moored alongside the floating fish restaurants supplied with fresh catches. The drill for the tourist is to select his meal while it's still alive and swimming. The traveller with a fancy to picnic faces one difficulty—you just can't wrap Chinese food. But the problem can be solved (*as above*) by hiring out a junk from one of the restaurants. The crew serve the meal on deck while sailing the junk through a labyrinth of tiny islands

TRAVEL TALE

concluded

Much of the city is modern and Westernized making good its claim as the best-organized tourist centre in the Far East. But take a turning to left or right and you're back in the steaming ambience of crowded street markets, chattering vendors, garish shop signs and stalls laden with fearsome local delicacies. That's when Hong Kong seems a long way from London, even though the journey takes less than a day by Comet 4 Jetliner. B.O.A.C. operate daily flights on three routes. Fastest is via Rome-Teheran-Delhi-Bangkok in 20 hrs. 45 mins. Return fares: £640 16s. First class; £374 8s. Economy & Tourist class



For the bandbox look after a journey half across the world—quick-drying, crease-resistant Tricel used here by Polly Peck in a fine pale blue and white check for a cool, loose-fitting tunic top that zips up the back and a wide, box pleated skirt. Buy it at Harrods, Knightsbridge; Marie Holliday, Coventry; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead: 9½ gns. (mid-February)



For the look that will attract attention anywhere—a kimono coat of black Chinese broadtail, aptly named Yang-Tze by the furrier, S. London. It is trimmed with black braid and lined throughout with Imperial yellow shantung. From S. London, Sloane Street, S.W.1. Price: 195 gns. Chez Elle hat of white felt trimmed with black leather. Bead necklace by Corocraft



The play

Ondine. Aldwych Theatre. (Leslie Caron, Richard Johnson, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Derek Godfrey.)

The films

The Sundowners. Director Fred Zinnemann. (Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum, Peter Ustinov, Michael Anderson, Jr.)

Circle Of Deception. Director Jack Lee. (Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker, Harry Andrews.)

The Wackiest Ship In The Army. Director Richard Murphy. (Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson, Chips Rafferty, Patricia Driscoll.)

One Life. Director Alexandre Astruc. (Maria Schell, Pascale Petit, Christian Marquand.)

The books

Three Weeks, by Elinor Glyn. (Digit, 2s. 6d.)

Back To Life, by Jonathan Wade. (Collins, 15s.)

The Enclosure, by Susan Hill. (Hutchinson, 15s.)

Ten Rillington Place, by Ludovic Kennedy. (Gollancz, 21s.)

The Sense Of Smell, by Roy Bedichek. (Michael Joseph, 16s.)

The records

Giant Steps, by John Coltrane.

The Aztec Suite, by Art Farmer.

Maynard Ferguson Plays Jazz For Dancing.

Harry James Plays The Big Band Favourites.

Swing Is Here, by Terry Gibbs.

Woody Herman At The Monterey Jazz Festival

The galleries

Ossip Zadkine. Tate Gallery, and Molton Gallery

VERDICTS

ANTHONY
COOKMAN
ON
PLAYS

Mr. Hall is third time lucky

IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE PRODUCER which of two plays the *Ondine* of Giraudoux becomes; either a haunting theatrical experience or (as I sadly remember) a rather silly charade in which the human and the non-human characters are equally unreal. The author provides a difficult, delicately balanced text out of which the producer is challenged to conjure stage magic. This magic will not work unless its iridescence is firmly threaded through with the author's sophisticated regret that men are so constituted that it is impossible for them to understand personal purity and simplicity. There is nothing bitter about this regret. It may be a misfortune to be merely human, but there is as much to laugh at as to weep for in human inadequacy, and as there are no frontiers between dreams and reality we can always find, somewhere between the poetical and the fanciful, enchanting glimpses of what we might be in an only slightly better world than this.

Giraudoux's challenge was originally meant for Jouvet, with whom he worked in close collaboration in Paris before the war, and by all accounts it stirred this great producer to his best. I cannot say at first hand what this best was like, but it is hard to believe that it was very much better than the production which Mr. Peter Hall gives us with his Stratford company at the Aldwych. This *Ondine* does more than either *The Duchess of Malfi* or *Twelfth Night* to raise our hopes for the future of this Stratford-London venture. Mr. Hall's part is to understand perfectly how the mind of the author works as it makes idiosyncratic leaps into fantasy, into ironical comedy, into



FEMME EXTREMELY FATALE. Above: *Sheltering in the hut of Auguste* (Patrick Allen), *Hans the nobleman* (Richard Johnson) meets *Ondine* (Leslie Caron), *Auguste's changeling daughter*. Below: *End of story*. *Hans mourned by the Queen* (Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies) for whom he left the sprite. She, unremembering, laughs beside the King (Derek Godfrey)



gentle mockery and into poetry, and to find as his own contribution the courage and the inventiveness to keep his stagecraft moving abreast with this inspired progress.

He uses a style of mock-Gothic splendour which seems to suit both the world of the water spirits and the scenes that take place in the knight-errant's Germany. But neither his own understanding of the mind behind the text nor his stage evocation of the borderland between the real world and the world of make-believe would altogether serve him if he had not in Miss Leslie Caron an actress who can suggest that while in a world of human sophistication she is a creature who is not subject to human laws.

It is a critical cliché to say that Miss Caron invariably plays the character of Gigi in which she first made her name. Here she breaks clean away from the type and is Ondine, the water spirit who, falling in love with the first man she has ever seen, is allowed by the king of the Ondines to enter his world on condition that should he ever be unfaithful to her he will die and she will return to the Ondine universe and forget all about him.

It is on the truth of Miss Caron's

performance that the complicated production hangs, and this fine thread proves strong enough. She is as good in her first meeting with her singularly prosaic knight as she is in sustaining the special flavour of mockery in the scene in which the king of the water spirits warns her that humans are faithless and strikes his bargain with her.

While her introduction to German court life is enabling Giraudoux to poke delightful fun at human flattery, pride, jealousy and so on, and the king of the Ondines pretending to be an illusionist is startling the court with marvels, Miss Caron clearly marks the stages of the water-spirit's realization that her innate purity and simplicity are wholly out of place among humans. And as the play shades away from mockery into pathos she manages some extraordinarily difficult passages with a finesse that brings the story to its brilliant close beautifully.

Mr. Richard Johnson gives an extremely intelligent study of stupidity, Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies a delicately humorous performance as the Queen, and the rest of the Stratford company give their director and the principals spirited support.

Australia a generation back is the setting—and ah! one thinks, how lovely it must have been in those days, before rocket ranges were thought of. Maybe it never was quite so idyllic as Mr. Zinnemann pictures it—but I don't care: I rejoiced to see great flocks of sheep pouring like a creamy flood over a green landscape where emus, kangaroos and rabbits frolic unafraid in the sunshine. Maybe Australia, like the rest of the world, has always had its share of wrong 'uns—but you will find none in this film: all the people are hard-working and good-hearted, rough but friendly—and I can't tell you how much I enjoyed their company.

Mr. Robert Mitchum, looking quite wide awake for once, gives an excellent performance as Paddy Carmody, a foot-loose Irish-Australian, who takes droving jobs



DREAM INTO NIGHTMARE. Above: *The newly-married Jeanne (Maria Schell) tells her friend Rosalie ((Pascale Petit) of her overflowing happiness little realizing that Rosalie herself is soon to destroy it. From One Life*

where he finds them and whose home is where he pitches his tent when the sun goes down. Young Mr. Michael Anderson, Jr., is eminently pleasing as Paddy's 14-year-old son and Mr. Peter Ustinov, always very much himself, is at his fruitiest as Venneker, an eccentric English remittance man, Paddy's self-appointed assistant. But it is Miss Deborah Kerr, playing Paddy's wife, Ida, who makes the film.

For 15 years Ida has loyally travelled the country with her husband, but she longs for a place of her own, the comfort of a home. Middle-age is on the way: she masks her anxiety for the future with stoic good-humour—but one glimpses it, all the same, in Miss Kerr's weather-worn face (devoid of make-up) and the eyes grown tired with scanning fresh horizons.

She is as capable as any man, and yet she remains completely feminine, as one tiny scene poignantly shows. Sitting in her covered wagon with her hair straggling under a cheap straw hat, she watches an immaculate city-miss powdering her nose while lolling luxuriously in a railway carriage: a wistful tear runs down Ida's cheek—she bites back a sob. "What's the matter?" asks Paddy, in surprise. "Nothing, really," she replies meekly. Miss Kerr has never

given a more beautiful or more touching performance.

The story is no more than a string of incidents. The Carmody and Venneker drive a "mob" of 1,200 Merino sheep to Cawndilla—escaping unscathed from a forest fire en route. At their destination they all take temporary jobs at a sheep-station: it is bliss for Ida to have a roof over her head and a woman to talk to.

A baby is born to the wife of one of the shearers—there are celebratory high jinks at the local hotel, owned by a merry widow (Miss Glynis Johns) who sets her cap at Venneker. Carmody (in a brilliantly funny sequence) competes against a stunted, toothless ancient in a shearing contest, and loses—but at a game of "two-up" wins £200 and a racehorse (from our old friend, Mr. Dick Bentley). The chance to make a down payment on Ida's dream-house passes: in the end, the Carmody are on the move again. They are happy because they truly love each other: their's is a hard life but a good one—indefinitely preferable, like the film itself, to *La Dolce Vita*—and to share it with them is a pleasure and a privilege you should not deny yourself.

Circle Of Deception, swift-paced and gripping though it is, struck me as extraordinarily cruel. A



Way back before Woomera

IF YOU ARE FED UP WITH SORRY tales of war, crime and crazy mixed-up juvenile delinquents, and have a hankering to get away from it all (and who hasn't, these days?), you can't do better than take yourself to **The Sundowners**: a darling film, lovingly directed by Mr. Frank Zinnemann. It is purest escapist entertainment.

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VERDICTS

continued from page 175

young British officer (Mr. Bradford Dillman) is selected by Intelligence to convey information to a section of the French Resistance. He does not know he has been chosen as a man likely to crack under pressure—he has no idea that the information he has memorized is false and designed to mislead the enemy, into whose brutal hands his C.O. (Mr. Harry Andrews) has secretly made sure that he will fall.

I was less shocked by the ghastly tortures inflicted on Mr. Dillman by the Nazis than I was by the final diabolically cold-blooded trick with which Mr. Andrews has ensured that everything shall go according to plan: the poison pill Mr. Dillman has been told to take if his sufferings become unendurable contains no poison.

Not even that excellent comedian Mr. Jack Lemmon can make **The Wackiest Ship In The Army** anything but irritating. The trouble with this film is that it starts off slapstick and ends up solemn. Mr. Lemmon, a U.S. Navy lieutenant, is bamboozled into accepting command of a small, decrepit sailing ship, exclusively manned by morons who wouldn't know stem from stern.

After a good deal of head-banging and boom-swinging, Mr. Lemmon manages to lick his left-handed crew into some sort of shape and they are off on a dangerous mission which, despite an ugly encounter with the Japanese, they carry out successfully. And that, we are told, is how our side came to beat the Japanese in the Bismarck Sea Battle. Hm! I have my doubts.

The haunting de Maupassant story on which **One Life** is based emerges on the screen as mere melodrama. The characters—the innocent girl, the brute she marries, the maid he seduces, the Countess who is his downfall—have no depth, no clear motivation. The glowing and lovely colour photography must be admired—but I feel black and white would have been more appropriate to the gloomy subject. The best the film can do is to set you re-reading your de Maupassant: the essence of him cannot perhaps be brought to the screen.



Skin and Glyn and sin—agin

THE BOOK WITH THE LOUDEST, MOST gorgeous throb of the month is undoubtedly Elinor Glyn's **Three Weeks**, now published in paperback

and presumably no longer banned at Eton and Charterhouse. For many, the book's sublimest joys will be the scenes of passion between the young Englishman Paul Verdayne and the wayward Tiger Queen who smells of tuberoses, chews up handkerchiefs and undulates about on a tigerskin while wearing a red rose in her teeth ("It was not," says the authoress with calm satisfaction, "what one would expect to find in a sedate Swiss hotel").

But for me the creamiest bits are the brief glimpses one snatches of Paul's home life in England. When the book opens he is madly in love with Isabella Waring, six foot tall and broad in proportion, with large pink lips and a jolly voice. Elinor Glyn is so frankly beastly to poor jumbo Isabella that it comes as no surprise at all when Paul falls headlong in love with the enchantress with the "red, red, red" mouth daintily picking over that fabulous meal in the hotel dining-room (*truite bleue, selle d'agneau au lait* with virtually unborn green peas and salad, and nectarines) and Isabella has lost the game well before the lady is on to the Imperial Tokay and Paul is moodily knocking back a fourth port.

It's a smashing half-a-crown's worth, with a fanciful interpretation of the formidable authoress herself on the cover, complete with tiger, and one shoulder slipping out of the green dress to match the square emerald neatly suspended between those notoriously green eyes.

My heart warms towards any novelist who actually notices, with precision and affection, what women look like. Jonathan Wade, author of **Back to Life**, notices them like anything, especially what kind of shoes they wear. This jolly little thriller, about a pretty wife supposed dead and her husband's efforts to lay a ghost met in Piccadilly, is both preposterous and enormously endearing. Mr. Wade writes with a glitter, a shiny wit and a sharp, eccentric eye, and can be funny and satirical without being in the least sick. There's a red herring on every page, but so prettily cooked and garnished that I would be the last to complain. The jacket prefers to keep Mr. Wade a mystery, which seems a shame since the book is written in so strongly idiosyncratic a tone of voice. It conveys a personal pleasure in writing, and a touching concern for the amusement and general cherishing of the reader which I find hard to resist.

The rules say one should go softly with first books, especially those written by the very young, but all I could find to feel about **The Enclosure** is a sadness that the author, Susan Hill, who was 16 when she wrote it, chose to write a book about a glum middle-aged marriage that could easily have been written (and often has) by a middle-aged person. The point about writing when you are 16 (*The*

Viper of Milan always excepted) seems to me to be to tell the reader what the world looks like to you, not what it looks like to Virginia who is 45 and writes novels and is having trouble with her second marriage. It could be, of course, that I've got it wrong and you have to be quite grown-up to be able to convey anything at all about what it feels like to be 16 years old.

Ten Rillington Place, by Ludovic Kennedy, is a sincere and carefully documented account of the ghastly Christie-Evans case, clearly setting down the evidence for supposing Evans's execution to have been an appalling miscarriage of justice. I found it too long-drawn-out for me, but then I am far from the soundest judge of this kind of book, since I can never satisfactorily sort out my motives as a reader. How much is one seriously concerned, how much are the sickening details of Christie's insane killings providing simply what the jacket calls "the straightforward excitement of a breathless thriller"? Straightforward is just what I don't find it, and sink finally into a sort of stupor of depression and unease. If you're looking for a thriller, I'd rather take it Mr. Wade's frivolous, unbloody way. If it's to be a serious attempt to clear Evans's name and an argument against capital punishment, then I'd rather it wasn't so fancy.

The Sense of Smell, written by Roy Bedichek, an American, in the most astounding style imaginable, is a superb subject if you can manage to fight through the language. The author addresses Gray as "Mr. Poet," which may be more than some can bear. All the same, the chapter-headings are fine, especially Supersmellers, Municipal Stenches, Transcendental Noses, and The Nose in Love Affairs.



Coltrane isn't for everybody

I FEEL I MUST CONTINUE MY THEME of last week, when I put forward some of the records of the past year which I had been unable to review at the time of issue. I tread warily in mentioning John Coltrane, since I know that his tenor jazz is essentially a musician's music. His last album, **Giant steps** (LTZ-K15197) scatters any dust that may have accumulated on your harmonic ledges, those dark pigeonholes where minor fourths rest safely on top of diminished fifths, and a smug dominant chord in A flat is scarcely

disturbed by a progression to the thirteenth. To me, wallowing in musical illiteracy, it is as mystifying as playing a round of golf with the handicap of blindness. Someone recently hinted that Coltrane was a mainstreamer, but only a part of his rhythmic approach, fearsome in its attack, fits the bill.

I do not suggest that Coltrane's set, all his own compositions, or Art Farmer's **Aztec suite** (LTZ-T15198) should be dismissed from further thought on the grounds that they are "too far out." I personally think that composer Chico O'Farrell's writing is much too pretentious in places, but the suite is superbly performed by a big band that boasts many important jazz names in its ranks. Farmer treats the piece as a concerto, his own horn taking the lead. I gather that no attempt was made to portray Aztec music, but only to depict, in a sort of jazz language, the Aztec race. To that extent I feel that they may succeed, even though achievement is reached at the expense of many sacrifices to jazz itself.

One of the youngest permanent bands is that of Maynard Ferguson. I am amazed that, in his trumpet role, he achieves the impossible so frequently in his sky-scraping displays of high-note runs. For several years he demonstrated this with the Kenton band, in which context he was regarded as a freak. Now his solo flights are accepted in the same way that his swinging band is in constant demand at festivals and dances all over the States.

Two albums, **Boy with lots of brass** (MMC14050), and **Jazz for dancing** (SCX3338) illustrate his style and broad repertoire to good effect. That other trumpet-playing band leader, Harry James, puts his band through its paces in **Big band favourites** (MGM CS6007). Despite the Ernie Wilkins arrangements there is a sameness about these tracks which never occurs in the Ferguson presentation.

All too often the big band scene in America is represented by groups of men who individually derive their main employment from studio work, and only play these sessions when the occasion demands it. Such is the case with Terry Gibbs, whose Hollywood-based group spends most of its time in the film studios. His brightly swinging and very well arranged album, **Swing is here** (CSD1324) has a strong influence from his former employer, Woody Herman, whose own LP, an extract from the 1959 Monterey Jazz Festival, pleases me much less. In fairness to the Herman herd, I accept that festival jazz is not always produced under the best conditions—in this case they were persistently "buzzed" by an airborne visitor who presumably couldn't get a seat—but the group sounds lifeless and stodgy after hearing Terry Gibbs.

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ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

Zadkine by the half-acre

ALMOST EVERYONE WHO SAW OSSIP Zadkine interviewed on television just before the opening of his big exhibition at the Tate, must have been impressed and surprised by this gnomish Russian septuagenarian's command of English. The interviewer could hardly get a word in edgewise! But even more surprising (and most satisfactory from the critic's point of view) was his willingness to talk about his own work—*ad infinitum*, as I discovered a few days later at the Tate.

Most sculptors I have met are interested only in their current work. But Zadkine's relationship to his "offspring," even those of 40 years ago, is touchingly paternal.

It occurred to me at one stage in our conversation that this paternalism might be the reason why so many of the things in the exhibition were still in the possession of the sculptor. But that was before I had been to the Molton Gallery where, through a friend's move on the part of the artist and/or his agent, and for sums varying from £450 to £4,500, one may buy almost any one of the Zadkines at the Tate.

The Tate has its own small Zadkine collection—half a dozen bronzes, a few remarkably Dufyesque gouaches and the 28 lithographs of *The labors of Hercules*. But the gallery's main business at the moment is selling the works at the Tate. In fact it has enlarged its slowroom space, rent free, by about half an acre—half an acre in one of the best positions in the (art) world!

Such a surprise deserves the success it undoubtedly gets but, before the practice becomes the regular thing every time the Arts Council sponsors a one-man show, some taxpayer like me is going to ask why the Council cannot itself act as the artist's agent, take the commission on the sales and either reduce its demands on the taxpayer or, better, devote the money to another of its activities?

Sorry about that sordid digression but it had to be made. Now let's get back to the Tate where the great little man stands among his 83 sculptures in the massive stone barn of the Sculpture Hall and says, "You know, when I first saw this mountain of stone I said to myself, 'I'm not going to let them bury my work in this mausoleum!'"

Later he was reconciled to it when he saw the special lighting arrangements that had been made.

The fear that his work might be "crushed by the sheer weight of the stone" appears to be shared by the 7 ft. high version of the famous Rotterdam monument, *The destroyed city*. The strangely powerful, distorted figure, so immensely impressive in the open air, seems here to be raising its arms not as protection against Nazi bombers but in horror at its surroundings.

But it is still impressive, perhaps the only truly "impressive" thing—in the sense that it arouses deep emotion—in the show. For it seems to me that Zadkine's art is entirely intellectual, though often playfully and sometimes poignantly so.

None of the other important sculptors who took the Cubist discoveries of Braque and Picasso as their starting point have clung to them so persistently as Zadkine. None has seemed so obviously to be translating Cubist painting into three dimensions.

When I said these things to Zadkine he replied, "The Cubist discipline never abandons me. It's an ordination." I think he meant an "ordination" and, either way, he has often abandoned the Cubist discipline for the anarchy of Surrealism with disastrous results. Beside the comparative strength of, for instance, his *Return of the prodigal son*, his alleged lyrical or poetical sculptures look impotent. *The poet*, for example, is surrealist painting done in bronze and is completely devoid of sculptural feeling. So, too, is *The poetess*.

It seems extraordinary that they could have been conceived by the artist who created the fine wood-carvings, *Venus* (No. 8.) and *Two torsos in love* (No. 76), the elemental, stone *Head of a man* (No. 1), the powerful bronze *Portrait of Van Gogh* (No. 63) or the polished copper *Forms and light* (No. 13).



INA BANDY

OSSIP ZADKINE in his Paris studio. He began his art education in the 1900s in England, first in Sunderland, then at the London Polytechnic, where he won a prize



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Nominations for the cheese board

THERE IS A GROWING LIKING FOR the little "greedy bit" of a savoury in place of a sweet. But the trouble with savouries is that so many of them require to be cooked at the last minute. So in many homes a cheese board is superseding them, and few can eat both a sweet and cheese at one meal.

The past few years have brought us some delicious new soft cheeses and also one like Camembert in a new form. It can now be had packed in wedges, thus saving the loss of even a small portion. Remember that once a round of Camembert is cut, there is little hope of it surviving in good condition, though not so long ago a friend gave me a useful tip: Stand the box so propped that the cut surface is

upwards and the cheese cannot run out. In this way, the cut edges will be the only parts dried out. One can well understand why wrapped individual wedges of this cheese have taken on.

I have discovered that small wedges of processed Swiss cheese make the best of all cheese sauces. Initially expensive? Yes—but there is not the slightest waste.

Two French cheeses, new to me this past year, are Super Capricet Des Dieux and Prince Noir. The Capricet is a rich, soft cheese, silver wrapped and packed in a 5-oz. oval chip box. It is 72 per cent fat and one of the most delicious cheeses of recent times. The Noir (52 per cent fat) is a soft cheese with truffles, hence the name.

If you have not yet come across Super Capricet Des Dieux, you will enjoy the new experience. If it is closely re-wrapped in its silver paper after it has been cut, and stored in the least cold part of the refrigerator, it will keep well. But take it out half an hour or so before it is required again.

Going back a little, Bresse Bleu, a soft blue-veined cheese, takes a lot of beating. Another delicious cheese is Baby Patre, which one might describe as a firmish Brie. It comes in a foil wrapping and does not run when cut. Valmeuse is slightly firmer and is almost as expensive as Roquefort. It is not new, but is so unbelievably good that I do not grudge its price of 9s. a lb.

A cheese board containing a selection of these soft and not-so-soft cheeses, together with, say, our own prime Double Gloucester or Stilton, would make a wonderful display.

To return to savouries, there are various ways of serving fried cheese. First, and for beginners, I suggest using small wedges of pasteurised Petit Gruyère. Unwrap them from their covering and sprinkle each with a few grains of Cayenne pepper. Pass them through flour, then beaten egg and breadcrumbs. It is a good idea to place the crumbs in a warm oven in the first place until they take on a creamy tone. Give the cheese wedges three coats of egg and breadcrumbs, the final

one just before they are popped into extremely hot frying oil. In under a minute they should become a golden brown. Serve at once with a garnish of plenty of fried parsley.

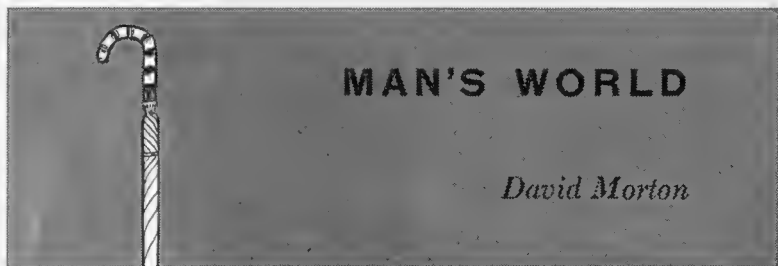
The idea of the triple coating is to make sure that the cheese is entirely enclosed. An empty shell means that some part of the cheese was not covered or that the coating was too thin.

For the fried parsley: Wash and dry several sprays thoroughly and drop them into the hot oil just long enough to crisp them and no longer, for they tend to burn easily.

Another good candidate for this treatment is Dolce Verde, a processed blue-veined Gorgonzola.

I suggest the following Camembert Fritters for those who might find the "straight" cheese too rich: Blend together 1 oz. each of plain flour and cream of rice and $\frac{3}{4}$ gill milk. Bring to the boil, then simmer over a low heat to cook the flour. Work in half a round of scraped Camembert and turn the mixture on to a plate to cool. Shape into small rounds and sprinkle each with a few grains of Cayenne pepper. Next, egg and breadcrumb three times (as above), and deep-fat fry them.

I have given $\frac{3}{4}$ gill. I would like to add that 1 gill is $\frac{1}{4}$ pint. I mention this because, it seems, "gill" vary in liquid capacity in different parts of the country.



The travelling dry-bob

ETONIANS HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN being wet- or dry-bobs, and not so long after that another choice is forced on them as on every other male: between wet and dry shaving. Like the choice between cricket and rowing, it's a matter of personal preference, but surely neither method of shaving has ever before been so comfortable and effortless as it has been since the war. Wet shaving has seen the introduction of aerosol shaving lathers, the "unsensational" Gillette Extra blade, adjustable-head razors, blade dispensers and enough aftershave lotions to float an aircraft-carrier. Dry-shaving addicts were late off the mark, but there are now no fewer than 42 different makes to cater for them in this country. At

Christmas the recipients of dry shavers as presents would have filled Wembley Stadium three times.

In this travel number it seems apposite to deal with dry shavers that can be used anywhere. Travelers will find that the first problem is how to fit the razor into the curiously shaped sockets that will bedevil them. In saner times the United Nations might discuss world standardization, but until then Volex supply the answer with a kit of five adaptors that enable the traveller to tap the world's power for 10s. 6d.

Those who like to shave in their cars should get a Shavelink, which transforms 12 d.c. volts into 24 a.c. volts. Fitted permanently under the dash, it is automatically

switched on when the shaver is plugged in, and five minutes' driving replaces the current used in five minutes' shaving. It costs £3 18s.

There is also a rechargeable shaver which works rather like the torches on the market now; after a week's shaving it is plugged into the mains overnight (£6 19s. 6d.). Then there are battery shavers which cost from £2 19s. 6d. to £7 14s. 6d. Intrepid explorers can shave at the source of the Amazon with the clockwork type (£6 15s. 6d.), so there is little excuse for looking like one of Fidel Castro's merry men. All three of these shavers take a little longer to do the job, as understandably they don't work at the 300 strokes a second reached by some of their mains counterparts.

Most shavers and accessories are available at stores and big chemists, and all are at Herrmann's Dry Shaver Centre, 111 High Holborn, whose mission in life is the matching of the right shaver to any beard. Each of the 42 varieties will shave someone efficiently, but there's no guarantee that that someone will be you. This is the system: the customer presents himself with a normal 24-hour growth of beard and the stubble is examined microscopically. This eliminates the shavers that won't be suitable. Three or four possibles are tried on small areas until the selection is whittled down to two or three, which in turn are tried one on each



side of the face until the final choice is made, to be confirmed over a 14-day approval period. As prices of shavers vary between £2 17s. 6d. (Chiltern Sportsman) and £15 19s. 11d. (the V-Matic Kobler), with no guarantee that the most expensive will be the most suitable for any one person, this scientific method of selection makes sense, as the most efficient one may happen to be in the middle price range. Incidentally the current used in a year's shaving costs one penny.



MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

Recce for the rally

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, I WOULD leave the festive fireside on Boxing Day, dress up in warm clothes and set off for a cold all-night drive in the M.C.C. London to Exeter Trial. Motor racing at Brands Hatch is now the Christmas motoring attraction, but Boxing Day 1960 was just like old times as a party of us set out to do a reconnaissance trip round the course for this year's Monte Carlo. On New Year's Day, 2,500 miles later, we returned, tired and thoughtful. This is going to be the toughest Monte ever; a mid-winter motor race on sheet ice with dizzy drops over the edge. By the time this issue is out, you'll be hearing about it.

The route from Glasgow down through Blois, Bourges, Tulle, Figeac, Ariac and St. Flour to Le Puy was a fairly hectic run over snow and ice, traversing the Massif Central. When one crosses the Rhône valley to climb up to Die and the Dauphine Alps, up the Col de Roussillon and on into the Jura for the vertiginous descent to St. Claude near Geneva. Then back to Lyon and Charbonnières. Endless hours of fast driving on ice and snow.

But this is only the touristic preliminary. The real rally now begins. It is back to the high mountain roads between Chambéry and Grenoble for a dizzy timed section through St. Christophe sur Guiers and St. Laurent du Pont, over the snow-bound Col du Cucheron. It was while approaching this section that things began happening.

Running on ordinary tyres on wet snow our driver was edging past an enormous articulated truck that was resolutely holding the crown of the road. (One could not blame its driver, for an articulated truck on a slippery road is a most lethal device; it will jack-knife and turn over at the slightest provocation.) We were just clear when we struck a patch of smooth wet ice and the car started to slide. First it headed for the right-hand ditch, ran along the edge for 60 feet or so, then swung round just in time to miss a

big concrete pylon, spun broadside across the road, crashed head on into a garden wall, shattering about 20 feet of it, and finished in the ditch facing the way it had come.

The truck driver, who had the sense to keep going, stopped a long way down the road then walked back to help. Our big Humber Hawk station wagon was a sorry sight. The front end was pushed back, jamming the front doors but not breaking the windscreen. Part of the engine mounting had broken and the fan had gone through the radiator. The steering column had been pushed back, jamming the gear shift and shattering all the fairing round it, the interior was full of black plastic and white peppermints from a packet on the parcel shelf, while the overdrive switch dangled from its wires. Yet apart from a few cuts and bruises we were quite unhurt.

Looking round the car, my impression was that we should not see it moving again under about three weeks. But we were in luck. The truck driver stopped in the next village and sent out a little French *garagiste*; one of the imperturbable types who don't worry about spare parts but are brilliant at improvising. He arrived, small, round and monosyllabic, in an old, old Peugeot, looked at the ruins, grunted a little and then got a thin piece of wire cable out of the back of the truck. This he proceeded to tie to the front of the Humber.

Then he got into his old and rusty little truck and with his rather worn tyres spinning on the ice, he slowly pulled our car out of the ditch. If I had not seen it I could not have believed it. We all piled in and he towed us through a snowstorm to his garage, which looked like something between an old barn and a scrap heap. He then suggested we had lunch at the little hotel opposite while he got to work.

It was an excellent lunch and three hours later he told us the car was ready for a trial run. In that time he had taken out the radiator and repaired it, mended the engine mounting, re-shaped the front



NARROW TUNNELS slow the pace and snowbanks (top) make a frail barrier on a so-called flat out section skirting a precipice. Above: Fitting chains to the Humber Hawk in the early "tourist" section

wings so that they did not foul the wheels, straightened up the steering, freed the jammed gear shift, remounted the internal switch gear, bent back the exhaust system which was fouling the floor, reset the headlamps (the lenses were miraculously unbroken) and refilled the radiator with fresh anti-freeze. For the whole operation he wanted to charge us no more than £5 10s. and protested when we offered more. He was the very best type of French *garagiste* and you are fortunate indeed if you find one when you are in trouble.

Out on the road in a snowstorm once more we found that our Humber, now the only short-chassis rally model Hawk station wagon, behaved almost as well as ever, and it carried us a further 1,700 miles over the most hair-raising parts of the rally course with never a moment's trouble. It was a great tribute to our *garagiste* but it was also a most striking demonstration of the merits of the Humber.

Lyon to Monte Carlo is 375 miles, but the rally route is 440, most of

it between 3,500 and 4,500 feet up and including five flat-out timed sections. We took these slowly, using chains, but they have to be driven as fast as the driver knows how in the actual rally, using spiked tyres.

When we drew in to Monte Carlo on New Year's Eve, the town was aglow, the yachts in the harbour spangled with lights, the hotels full of diamonds and mink. A party of rally drivers in sheepskin, sweaters and heavy boots attracted curious stares, especially when taking a glass of champagne with Norman Gariad, competitions manager of the Rootes Group, in the Metropole.

Soon it was time to start back, stopping only at the shop where they sell marrons glacés and crystallized fruits. The rest of the party stood chafing at the delay while Madame carefully cut and tailored white paper and gold thread around the basket. We slept at Aix-en-Provence, and on New Year's Day our battered Humber carried us 620 miles to the Channel Coast.

Weddings

Cameron—Ryan: Sheila Morag Clark Cameron, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. James Clark Cameron, of Wallington, Surrey, was married to Gerard Charles, son of Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Ryan, of Hove, Sussex, at the Temple Church, E.C.4

Dingwall-Main—Balinski-Jundzill: Janet, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. G. Dingwall-Main, of Whitmuir, by Selkirk, was married to Krystopher, son of Count & Countess Balinski-Jundzill, at Our Lady & St. Andrew, Galashiels

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Aykroyd—Pumphrey: Joanna Jane, second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Howard Aykroyd, of Kirkby Overblow, Harrogate, was married to Christopher Jonathan, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Pumphrey, of W. Bitchfield, Belsay, Northumberland, at All Saints', Kirkby Overblow



Engagements

Miss Margaret Heather Almond to Mr. Martin Charles Penney. She is the daughter of Sq. Leader & Mrs. H. Almond, of Ramsdell, Basingstoke. He is the son of Sir William Penney, of Harwell, Berks, & the late Mrs. Penney

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Miss Susan Ryka Cope-Thompson to Mr. Martin Richard Landau. She is the only daughter of Mr. Sidney Cope, and of Mrs. Harry Thompson, of Grosvenor Square, W.1. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. John P. Landau, of Hampstead

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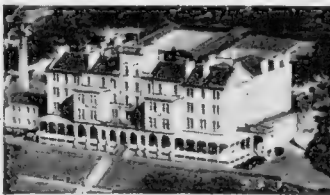
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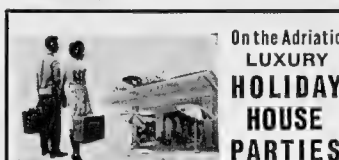
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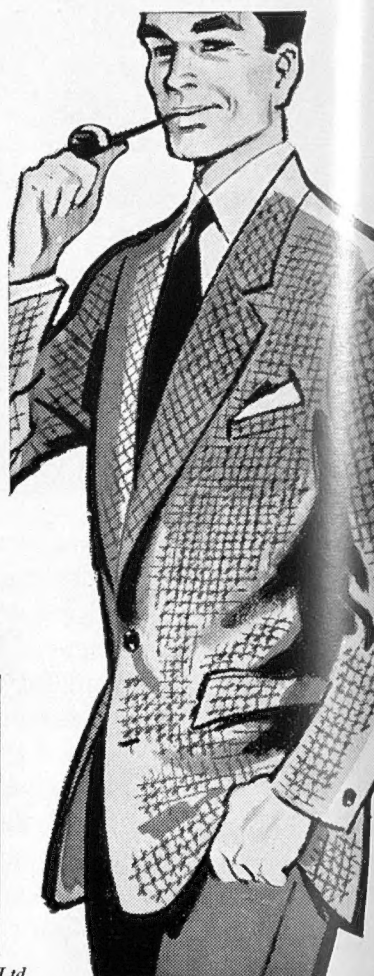
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